The Australian
Women's Weekly

Over 830,000 Copies Sold Every Week

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August 30, 1967

WHAT'S NEW ABOUT WIGS?
See page 7

BUDGET RECIPES... page 45

HINTS FOR DRIVERS... pages 4, 5

NEW RESEARCH ON THE PILL... page 9

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The Australian Women's Weekly

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OUR COVER

● Glamorous hairdo with heavy plaited switch held by orange bangles. This is added to a short cut ideal for the summer surf season and transforms the wearer for gala occasions. For the latest news on wigs and switches see page 7.

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LETTER BOX

● We pay $2 for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Novel wedding

WE recently attended a wedding that was quite different from the accepted type of function. The invitations were hand-written on plain colored cardboard. The gift specified was, "Money only. $1, no more." The reception was held at the bride's home. There were no flowery speeches, no organised formality. The lavish spread had been prepared and cooked by the two bridal families. Some of the younger guests danced to records, some played cards and the rest of us just sat talking. The young couple later left on a working-honeymoon tour overseas, but before they left they gave their wedding present money — almost $200 — to their parents to cover the costs of the party. The guests agreed that as well as being unusual, the wedding was the most enjoyable ever.

$2 to "Neighbor" (name supplied), Blackheath, N.S.W.

Hard-working toddlers

MOTHERS give themselves a lot of extra work by expecting toddlers to do little jobs well. Nine times out of ten they are done wrong, and in the long run you end up with more work than you had in the beginning. Tears, tantrums, and frayed tempers result from overtaxing little ones beyond their capacity.

$2 to Mrs. O. Tewkesbury, Taree, N.S.W.

Book borrowers

HOW can I keep my friends and at the same time refuse to lend them books? Most of the books are result of hours browsing through dealers' shops and are read time and again. Yet a lot of my friends think that once I have read the book and then they have read it that it has had its day.

$2 to B.C. (name supplied), Cygnet, Tas.

Morbid curiosity

WHY do people stand and stare when an accident or something similar has occured? My natural impulse is to "beat it" in the opposite direction, but not many seem to feel like this. For instance, I was horrified at the number of people who drove round in the family car to see the sights after the recent flood in Brisbane. The poor unfortunate people who lost all their personal possessions don't want to be stared at and made the object of a family's day out. Those lucky families should be at home thanking the Lord that it didn't happen to them.

$2 to Miss A. Humphries, Brisbane, Qld.

Much-travelled Weekly

MY copy of The Australian Women's Weekly is much travelled. It comes to me per Overland Mail over what is said to be the longest mail route in the world—nearly 600 miles of bush roads. When we have finished reading it, my friend claims it. After her family, it "goes bush" to a mine 60 miles away from civilisation. From there it comes back to the township and finally makes its way to a small colony of Aborigines who "yandy" tin about 40 miles out in the bush. Although few of them can read, they get a lot of pleasure from the pictures, and the pages are turned over and over till they are worn out.

$2 to Mrs. M. C. McLaughlin, Marble Bar, W.A.

"I don't have the vacuum every time I come in here."

"One man's meat . . ."

FOR those with a poor memory, I recommend this idea given to me by my mother. With my recipes, I have a list of the like sand dislikes of almost everyone I know. This has proved invaluable when I'm having visitors. Although I can eat anything I'm given, I realise that not everyone is the same and I have the satisfaction of knowing that my friends have enjoyed their meal.

$2 to Mrs. P. Harrison, Carnegie, Vic.

Good health out of fashion

MY four-year-old daughter has enjoyed good health while the children across the street have been sick with every conceivable illness that has come along. I was discuisng this with their mother when she floored me with, "I suppose the reason why your little one never gets anything is that she's a carrier and just transmits the diseases to others!" Is it out of fashion nowadays to be just plain healthy?

$2 to Mrs. Ironside, Auckland, N.Z.

Cure for depression

WHEN my fourth baby arrived I felt depressed and was confined to the house so I invited my friends to bring their children to lunch. Little did I think that this would become a permanent arrangement. We now take it in turns to have a simple lunch about every three weeks and it's so good to see everyone. My turn comes around about every three months.

$2 to Mrs. R. Lind, Dee Why, N.S.W.

"Hush hush" topic?

WHEN I was expecting my third baby last year,my two young daughters aged six and three and a half were very keen to know all about the expected baby. I explained as much as I could so that the girls could understand about the baby and how it was born. They seemed to understand and thought the whole thing was wonderful. But to my amazement, some of my friends were horrified that I had told them the simple truthful details. Could other mothers tell me if I'm being too modern, or should such things be "hush-hush"?

$2 to Mrs. J. Weir, Blaxland, N.S.W.

"Blind" bridegroom

MY married son, when asked what dress his niece was to wear for her wedding replied, "She's borrowing my wife's." On being asked what it was like, we were all astounded to hear him say, "I don't know." On being pressed further, he could not remember if it were long or short, full or slim, or even what it was made of. Just what do bridegrooms look at when they are being married, if not at their brides?

$2 to "Blind Date" (name suplied), Brisbane, Qld.

Meaty proposition

IT was almost closing time when I walked through the meat market. One butcher was coaxing late-comers to view and buy his "beautiful lamb". I was amused to hear an observation by another young butcher across the aisle. "Beautiful is it? Well you'd better kiss it then."

$2 to "Spring Lamb" (name supplied), Goodwood, S. A.

LINEN PARADES

IN Perth and Brisbane this week and in Adelaide next week, parades are being held of the dashing spring linen fashions featured in the special supplement in our West Australian, Queensland, South Australian and Victorian editions.

PERTH. At David Jones' Terrace Store, from Monday, August 21 Thursday, August 24, inclusive, at 11.15 a.m., 12.15 annd 1.15 p.m.

BRISBANE: At David Jones' two stores.

QUEEN STREET: Monday, August 21, Tuesday, August 22, Wednesday, August 23, at 11.45 a.m., 12.30 and 1.15 p.m.

THE VALLEY: Thursday, August 24, Friday, August 25, at 11.45 a.m., 12.30 and 1.15 p.m., Saturday, August 26, at 9.30 and 10.15 a.m.

ADELAIDE: At David Jones' store from Monday, August 28, to Friday, September 1, at 11.10 a.m., 12.10, 2.10, and 3.10 p.m.

Melbourne's parades are over, but we include the supplement which we were unable to give Victorian readers during the week of the parades owing to an industrial dispute.

Comments on justice for the Stones

I WAS shocked with D.E.M.'s letter. Agreed, the Rolling Stones deserved their punishment, for there is little more derading and immoral than crimes connected with drugs. The inference from the letter however, was that they should be punished less for their crime, and more for their "easily earned wealth", publicity and their so-called bad influence on teenagers. Surely entertainers cannot be persecuted for their success, nor for the "senseless idolatry" of their followers. Thus D.E.M., I suggest you do not let your prejudices make you guilty of a crime as very much in evidence today —that of intolerance.

$2 to A. M. (name supplied), Torrensville, S.A.

★ ★ ★

I GREATLY admire the wonderful talent of the Rolling Stones. Mar of their compositions contain intricate melodies and meaningful lyrics. As regards the drug charges, perhaps we should note that Dame Margot Fonteyn and Rudolf Nureyev were also arrested recently on a drug charge. Does D.E.M. think that they should be disbanded forever?

$2 to "Kat" (name supplied), Gladstone, Qld.

★ ★ ★

I THINK "D.E.M." is to be commended for her outspoken views on the Rolling Stones and their effect on modern youth. What is going to be the outcome of this senseless idolatory is what is worrying most mothers of teenagers? Now we have a report that the Beatles want to have the drug marihuana legalised. What next?

$2 to Mrs. O. B. Lawson, Launceston. Tas.

★ ★ ★

IF D.E.M. welcomes the news of the Rolling Stones' sentences for their "drug antics," then she welcomes injustice. Even the legal authorities in London admitted they were suprised at the harshness of the judge's verdict. Normally the charges would have carried only a heavy fine. To say that the Stones' money is easily earned, is rubbish. The record one may hear over the air may only last two minutes, but could have up to two months to produce, with long and nerveracking recording sessions. D.E.M.'s letter was just another example of adults criticising pop music without even trying to understand it or the musicians' point of view.

$2 to Miss Mona Bray, Maroubra, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

WHICH should be given more publicity, the evils of drug addiction or of alcoholism? Weighing the effect upon society of each, I would say that far greater numbers of people are affected by alcoholism than by drug addiction, and more accidents and deaths occur through alcohol.

$2 to Mrs. A. De Boer, Arncliffe, N.S.W.

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MARRIED IN U.S.A.— THE EARL AND BAMBI RETURN TO ENGLAND

● Forty-four-year-old Lord Harewood, cousin of the Queen, and his 35-year-old Australian wife, Patricia ("Bambi") Tuckwell, photographed at London Airport on their return from America, where their secret marriage took place at a mansion in Connecticut. The Queen had formally signified her consent to the marriage a few days earlier. Lord Harewood was divorced by his Viennese-born wife, mother of his three eldest sons, earlier this year. The Earl and Countess left London for his Leeds home, Harewood House, where their three-year-old son joined them.

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TEST TO MAKE GOOD DRIVERS BETTER

Trial run showed up many faults

SO you think you are a good driver? So did I until I took the advanced motorist's test recently — with all the confidence of a "Sunday" driver of 12 years standing.

The test was over a 50-mile course and lasted more than two hours (a good deal longer than the average driving licence test).

The course covered all kinds of driving situations from busy city traffic, difficult intersections, hills, and dales of suburbia, wet gravel roads, muddy dirt tracks, to parking, reversing, and hill starts.

With examiner Mr. Donald Oldfield, sitting beside me watching every move I made (and every false one), I discovered to my horror that I:—

- Cut corners on curves unnecessarily.
- Didn't signal when leaving a kerb.
- Went through an amber light.
- Free-wheeled round corners.
- Went over stop lines at the stop signs.
- Turned too much toward oncoming traffic when I made right-hand turns.

And worst of all I learned that, at some stages of my driving, I didn't have any hand on the wheel AT ALL! (I will explain this later.)

No need to tell you that I failed the test, or as my driving-examiner put it more gently to me, I wasn't "quite ready yet."

Mr. Oldfield — a New Zealander—is from Naremburn, N.S.W.

A civil engineer through the week, Mr. Oldfield happily gives his available free time at weeksnds as a voluntary tester for the Advanced Motorists' Chapter —on offshot of the Veteran Motorists' Association.

To be eligible one must be over 20 years of age and have had no traffic convictions for three years.

So far more than 650 people in and round Sydney metropolitan area have passed this intensive driving test, which costs $6 to take.

(If they pass they pay a further $3.30 for a year's membership in the Advanced Motorists' Chapter.)

As a blow-softener, I asked Mr. Oldfield how many people had failed the test.

He wouldn't tell me the number except to say, "Quite a few," with a pleasant smile.

To be a good driver, Mr. Oldfield — who has driven for more than 29 years — feels one should handle a car "deliberately, decisively, with sympathy toward both car and passengers and to other road users.

"Good drivers wouldn't immediately halt the road toll, but they would certainly go a long way toward lessening it."

Before we set out on the test course, Mr. Oldfield ran an eye over the condition of my five-year-old car, and checked to see if my rear-vision mirror was adjusted and that headlights and brake lights functioned.

He checked the tyres for smoothness and tread wear. (One was a bit worn and he advised me to have it attended to, "retreaded, NOT re-grooved").

Stepping into the driver's seat he ran the car free down a slight hill to test the hand-brake and foot-brakes, which he said were good. (This was cheating a little as I had had the brakes relined only a day or two before.)

"To some extent it is possible to judge a person's driving ability by the state of his car," he said as he changed places with me and I started off.

"Get a car where the clutch is worn at 10,000 miles and the brakes are not much more, with a rough look appearance, you immediately wonder what kind of driver uses it.

"I'd say that a well-cared-for car gives an indication of a road-conscious and safe driver."

As I drove, Mr. Oldfield asked me in pleasant, easy, conversational tones, rules-of-the-road questions, which I answered more or less satisfactorily.

Except perhaps those dreadful questions on distances — "How far from something should you park?" or "How far should you be able to see before you overtake?" kind.

I've always felt it was an unnecessary burden to have to remember by heart the exact prescribed distances. (One must have known them once to have got through the licence test.)

Anyway, for years I've got along fine just using "logic" and feeling if a distance was right or wrong or bookable.

However my feelings and "logic" were way off beam with these questions and I lost points here heavily.

Every now and again, Mr. Oldfield would shout "STOP" unexpectedly to judge the speed of my reaction in stopping the car immediately.

"Very fast," he said approvingly and jotted it down on the notepaper on his lap.

Mr. Oldfield noted that I was a courteous driver and had "splendid observation" when it came to seeing everything that was happening in the traffic pattern.

Only once did I really worry Mr. Oldfield.

That was when I was travelling in a hilly region at a reasonable pace in third gear, when suddenly I came quickly over a crest into a steep descent and a poor, slippery road.

I went charging down this mighty hill and although I was expecting the jolt from a sudden gear change down to a lower-slower-safer 2nd gear, Mr. Oldfield wasn't, and he lurched toward the windscreen.

After he had regained his composure he asked me, "Now didn't you see that sign back there indicating a curve and a sharp crest coming up?

"Next time be prepared and change into a lower gear before you begin the descent."

The driving with no hands on the wheel episode happened when I was drawing up to a stop sign.

I put out my hand to signal I was stopping, while my left hand went to the gear stick.

For about twenty yards or so the car was actually driving itself.

"It's amazing how many people do just that and they are not even aware of it," commented Mr. Oldfield.

Usually when driving alone I drive quite fast, or at least with the traffic.

However, during the test, whether or not it was nervousness, the rain, or the fact that my speedometer now worked (it hadn't for months), I was driving at the sedate speed of 30-35 miles an hour.

At least I won't lose points for driving too fast, I thought feeling virtuous and law-abiding as I glanced now and then at my now-functioning speedometer.

However, Mr. Oldfield, while he doesn't advocate reckless driving, does advise drivers to stay with the traffic.

"In today's traffic, a driver shouldn't dawdle and that's what you are doing if you are only doing 30 in this 45-mile-an-hour zone," he said.

"How many slow drivers you know tell you they have never had an accident. They forget how many times they may have caused one."

Later we came to a busy intersection which I often have to cross on my way home.

Most times it gives me no bother at all. However, for the test I was too polite and, even though traffic was clear for me to turn right, I waited, giving way to a car on my right which was waiting to turn.

It didn't, of course, and by the time I had realised that he was going to stay there I had missed my own chance.

Mr. Oldfield turned round and pointed to the four or five cars now waiting in a queue behind me.

"Don't be too hesitant or timid at intersections," he advised. Try to be more decisive. Wait your chance, then take it, with safety, of course."

Later when I was waiting (third in line for a right-hand turn) at a set of lights the two cars ahead of me moved on the green light. I moved, too, and I kept moving even though I saw the yellow light come up. I felt sure Mr. Oldfield would have approved my decisiveness.

"Had you really been on the move it would have been all right for you to take the yellow light, but you were only just pulling out," he said. More points lost.

Mr. Oldfield believes that the right attitude toward driving is most important.

"The driver should concentrate, do everything as well as he can, and show every consideration for others."

Other questions Mr. Oldfield asked me involved situations where you face an emergency with your car.

I was stumped on what to do if your car stops out of petrol on a railway crossing.

If the car is stuck on the railway crossing line, turn on ignition, put the car into first gear, and press the starter a number of times (with brakes off, of course).

The starting "jumps" will make the car move forward several feet, enough, anyway, to secure safety.

In answer to his question of what I would do if I came to a dip in the road which was well under water, I had no hesitation.

I told him I would simply send my husband out to wade through the water to see how deep it was.

That part was right. What would I do on the other side?

"Run back, find a stick, and mark it with the height of the water and place it at the side of the road, so that other motorists wouldn't have to go through all that wading business to find out how deep it was," I suggested.

No. The correct answer should have been to make sure the car's brakes were functioning after going through the water.

As well as taking motorists for the advanced test, the Advanced Motorists' Association runs an advisory service for drivers who wish to improve their driving ability.

"So far we've gathered about 25 advisers from all over Sydney," said Mr. Oldfield.

These voluntary advisers take people—licensed drivers, not learners — out each weekend on the roads and while they drive, the adviser points out faults and gives useful advice.

At the end of about a 40-minute drive, the adviser gives the person a report with suggestions for correcting his faults.

It's not just left at that either. If the person wishes to be re-tested some weeks later, after he feels he has corrected his vital mistakes, the adviser will take him out for another test run.

Mr. Oldfield even feels there's a chance for me. He is willing to re-test me again soon, providing I do some home-work.

I might just take that test again. It could save my life.

—Anne Olsen

***COMMON MISTAKE** is when driver takes both hands off wheel. Such as when giving hand signal with right hand and changing gear with left hand. (Hand signals for stopping are no longer required by law if car is equipped with stop lights).*

***CUTTING CORNERS** when making right-hand turns is dangerous and could cause an acident if a vehicle were approaching with speed on the left hand side of the street. This car should be a full car's width over to the right before it turns.*

***STOPPING** too far back from halt sign is another common fault. The driver should have a clear uninterrupted view to his right and left at such intersections. If there is a yellow dotted line at sign, car should stop at that and then, if view is interrupted, edge slowly forward until it is clear before proceeding.*

And my car was driving itself!

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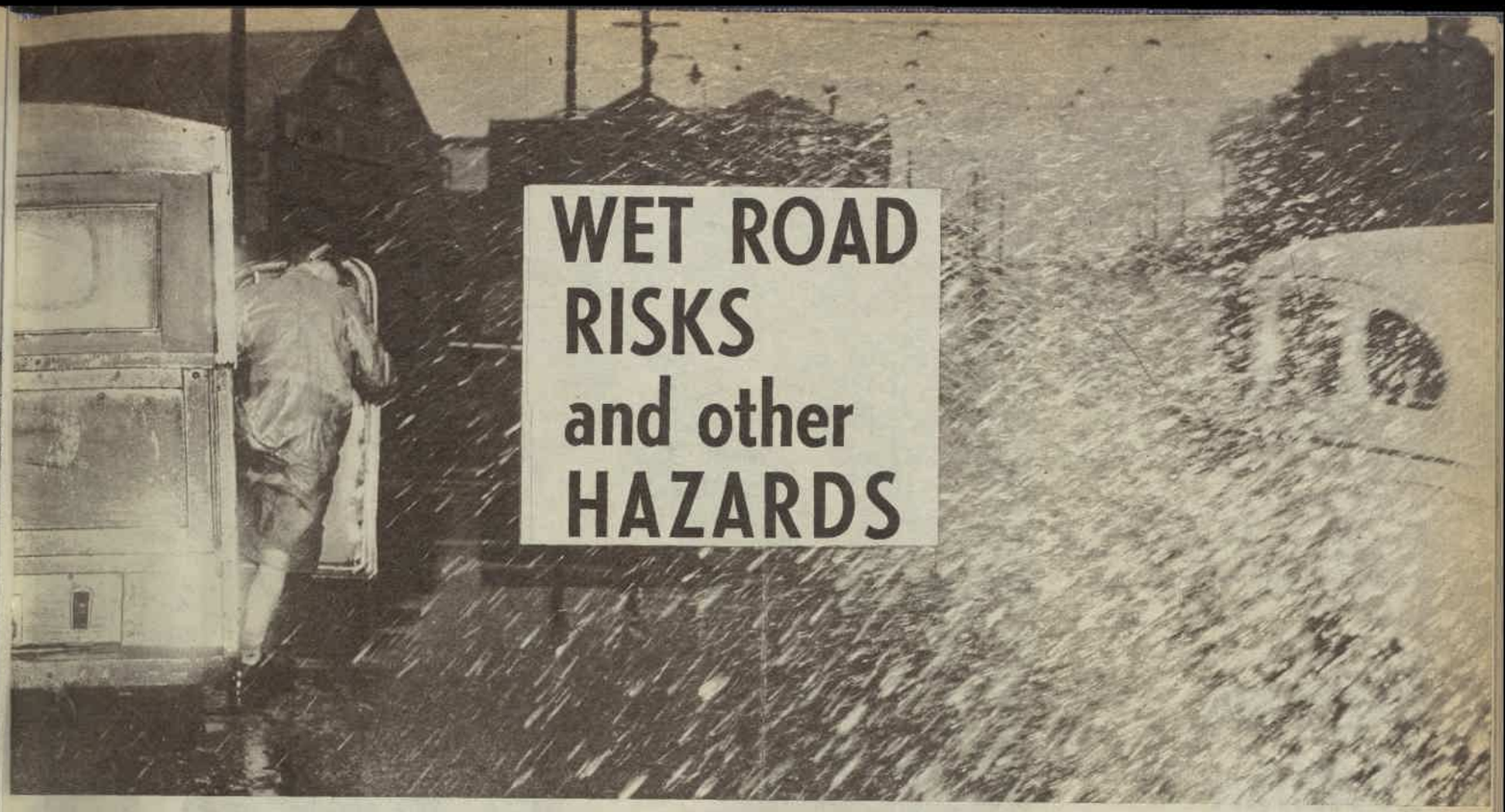

WET ROAD RISKS and other HAZARDS

What to do when things go wrong

SPEAKING from years of experience of what can happen to cars in emergencies, NRMA experts give this list of Do's and Dont's for different road and weather conditions:

WET WEATHER HAZARDS

At the first drop of rain, think of three things: lights, oily streets, and pedestrians.

If the weather gets a bit gloomy flick your parking lights on as you turn on the windscreen wiper.

This makes it possible for other drivers to see you coming out from a side street, while your tail lights warn other cars behind you to keep their distance.

In the country use your full headlights. In some heavy downpours, unlit or dimly lit cars can be totally obscured.

In the first half hour of rain the streets become coated with a mixture of oil and water and can be as slippery as ice. Be careful at corners where cars have stopped and started during the dry period. They can leave heavy deposits of oil.

An unexpected downpour will send pedestrians scurrying for shelter. They hold papers over their heads, turn up their collars, leap over puddles, and those with umbrellas will often hold them in front of their faces.

This is the time to drive as far as possible from any line of parked cars and then as slowly as possible, especially in busy streets and near schools.

Slow down when passing people standing on corners, to avoid spattering them with dirty water.

Pedestrians have a habit of suddenly appearing on a marked crossing during these periods, so carefully watch any right-hand turns you make.

At night in the rain, drive your car as if it had no brakes—as well it might. For, if brakes get wet you may find your foot on the pedal gets no response at all.

Sudden braking on wet roads can send you into a spin or a skid—and skids can be deadly.

A skidding vehicle is a vehicle out of control. Skid correction really needs some practice, but these are the basic principles:

Ease off the accelerator gently, momentarily steer in the direction in which the rear-end is skidding, then straighten up.

Don't slam the brakes on suddenly.

Don't suddenly let up on the accelerator.

Any attempt to brake or decrease speed will usually throw the car into an uncontrollable spin.

Most skids are rear end skids. But if your front wheels skid, restore front wheel traction by lightly jabbing the brake pedal in and out as fast as you can, and steer out of the skid.

If you do need to brake quickly, **don't stamp on the pedal.** Instead, pump it in quick, safe stabs. In this way you'll find your car is not likely to get out of control.

Even on an empty country road keep your speed down. Research has shown that when a car with worn tyres is driven over 40 mph on a wet road its front tyres, instead of sitting down on the road, can lift off and ride on a film of water—in other words, it aquaplanes.

In some cases it has been found that the tyres have completely stopped revolving.

This means you have no traction whatsoever, and, in an emergency, you couldn't turn, you couldn't stop.

When driving in town or out, always try to keep in the lane that gets the most traffic, and follow in the tracks left by other cars. Trucks with their huge tyres can literally squeeze the road dry.

There is no need to stay close behind another car to do this. The tracks he leaves will remain that way for about a quarter of a mile.

At this time, more than others, don't try to pass another car on a narrow road. In heavy rain you could be startled by a curtain of water which could flood your windscreen and momentarily obscure your vision.

DON'T CLOSE ALL WINDOWS

Don't drive with all your windows closed in cold or wet weather.

Fit weather screens to the driver's window so that you can leave this window open in the heaviest downpour.

Although driving with windows closed is not an offence, police advise that during rain the driver's window and one port window should always be open.

With all windows closed you risk:

- **Fogging:** Misting of windows can make vision almost impossible.
- **Sleepiness:** Travelling alone at night on a country road, the heat of a closed car can induce drowsiness.
- **Carbon monoxide poisoning:** Some fault in your car could result in this highly lethal gas being released inside the car.

SEE CLEARLY AT NIGHT

Don't wear dark glasses at night to overcome glare, and don't have your car fitted with tinted windscreens and windows.

Night driving is always more or less critical and in some situations it is impossible to see pedestrians. If you reduce the light coming through your windows you reduce even further the chance of seeing people who may be on the road.

BLINDING LIGHTS

Don't look directly at blinding lights from an oncoming car.

Shift your eyes to the side of the road. Slow down and hold your wheel steady. If you flick your lights on and off quickly it tells the other driver he is on high beam and he usually changes it.

CAR ACROSS YOUR PATH

If a car suddenly emerges from a side street on your left and cuts across your path, **don't be too severe on the brakes and lock them.** Apply them gently, avoiding locking your wheels into a skid.

Steer your car to the left and try to go behind the other car. Even if you hit it at the rear, it will be much less severe than if you strike it broadside.

Keep a firm grip on the steering wheel after the impact as you might still be able to clear other obstacles.

Anticipation here, as in all driving, should give you plenty of warning of problems ahead. Keep a sharp lookout for driveways from which cars can back out suddenly.

It needs experience to brake suddenly without locking your wheels. Practise this on some quiet road.

DRIVER ON YOUR TAIL

"Tailgating," when a driver sits close on your tail, can be nerve-racking. The best thing to do in cases like these is to gradually pull over to the left side of the road so he can get past you.

Don't brake abruptly in front of such a driver.

He might crash into your rear. Always be on the alert for this type by keeping a constant watch in your rear-vision mirror.

IF ACCELERATOR STICKS

Don't jam hard on the brakes.

Leave your ignition on, put your car into neutral and apply your brakes to slow down and drift to the side of the road. When you have reduced your speed enough to pull up, turn off your ignition and pull on your hand-brake.

By working the accelerator up and down you may be able to release it enough to get to the nearest garage. If you can't, leave it there and get a mechanic to service it on the spot.

While it might seem to be effective to turn the ignition off in a case like this, in some modern cars it could cause a breakdown of both power steering and braking systems.

The neutral gear, although it produces an alarming noise in the engine, is the best gear to use in this emergency.

IF FOOT-BRAKE FAILS

If your foot-brake fails to respond, pump the pedal repeatedly to build up the brake pressure and, keeping one hand on the wheel and your eyes firmly on the road, apply your hand-brake and shift to a lower gear.

If there is a car in front of you steer to the left or right to minimise any impact. You can, in extreme cases, ease the shock of a crash by sideswiping a wall, a line of cars, bushes, or a fence.

It is a good idea, when on some quiet road, to practice stopping your car with your hand-brake, as this can require some practice.

CAR COMING ON WRONG SIDE

Don't veer sharply. This may frighten the other driver into veering in the same direction.

Pull over to the left as far as possible, using a steady pressure on your brake to slow down without locking your wheels.

BLOWOUTS

Don't jam on your brakes.

Ease your foot off the accelerator, keeping a firm grip on the wheel, and keep the car moving as straight as possible. When you feel you have gained control, gradually pull over to the left and stop on the side of the road.

GREASY SPOT AHEAD

Approaching a greasy or slippery patch on the road **don't increase your speed and don't brake.** Just keep at the same speed and "drift" over the trouble spot in a straight line.

WHEELS ON DIRT SHOULDER

A country driving hazard is when the car's left wheels slip off the road on to the gravel shoulder.

Don't attempt to brake sharply or cut straight back on to the road. Ease your accelerator, grip the wheel firmly, and attempt to steer the car straight ahead, straddling the edge of the road.

When you are confident you have the car well under control, brake gently and ease the car slowly back on to the road.

Don't try to veer too sharply in an effort to put the car back on the road. You could go into a skid, overturn the car, or slide across the centre line into oncoming traffic.

Practise this on some quiet stretch. Drive off the road at a low speed, and return.

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ALBERTO PORTILLO, one of Spain's foremost dancers, and Conchita Anton star in Escena Gitana, the third movement of Capricho Espanol. Alberto began his career as a bull-fighter but switched to dancing.

EXCITING SPANISH DANCE SHOW

● The Great Luisillo and his brilliant "Theatre of the Spanish Dance" will be presented in a lavish BP Super Show on the Channel Nine Network. The magnificent dancing of the Company roused audiences to thunderous applause during its recent tour of Australia when the TV special was taped.

● "The BP Super Show presents The Great Luisillo" will be seen on TCN9 Sydney, GTV9 Melbourne, August 26, 7.30 p.m., QTQ9 Brisbane, August 29, 7.30 p.m., NWS9 Adelaide, September 7, 7.30 p.m. For full list of times in all States, see overleaf.

LUISILLO with Conchita Anton in an exciting flamenco number. Conchita is a 20-year-old dancer from Madrid who has been with the Luisillo Company for more than five years.

Dancers of the Company perform the Bolero, which was created for Luisillo's recent tour of Australia. Music is by Ravel, choreography by Luisillo.

SOLERO DE JEREZ, sensational 17-year-old gipsy dancer. It is estimated that Solero makes more than 1000 heeltaps a minute in this electrifying number.

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WHAT'S NEW ABOUT WIGS?

● New wigs and hairpieces are more believable. No longer stiff and balloony, they are shaped to capture natural hair movement, can be matched to almost any hair texture and color, and with the new shapings in wig bases and mesh foundations, hug the head more comfortably. Here, a classic go-anywhere anytime full wig (below) contrasts effectively with four up-to-the-minute styles arranged with hidden help from hairpieces—a fall, flip, crown, wiglet. Where needed, two pieces blend to add body, length, volume. All are Spanish hair.

BI-COLOR (it used to be called two-tone) effect, important in fashion, now moves to hairdos. Here a dark brown wiglet fronts for a light cascade of lustrous Spanish hair.

YOUNG hairstyle (left) with ringlets on the nape is for elegant evenings. It's done with the help of a long hairpiece secured to the wiglet at front.

LONG LOOK for short hair (below) is styled with an upswept hairpiece at back. Bow on top is convenient cover for hair divide. Keep that short-haircut for the daytime.

CASUAL look that many Australian women prefer in a full wig with lifted lines that flatter almost any face. Hair sparkles with a natural sheen.

OLD-WORLD charm (right) in a new fashioned evening coif styled with a wiglet and fallette. Hairpieces by A. & W. Brown, Sydney.

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BP

SUPER SHOW

PRESENTS

The GREAT Luisillo IN "FESTIVAL of SPAIN"

A spectacular one hour television presentation of the outstanding stage success that thrilled Australian audiences.

CAST OF 57 SINGERS, DANCERS, MUSICIANS

INTRODUCING

Lola

The GIPSY WILDCAT

Don't miss the year's most exciting television entertainment when it is shown on these stations.

NEW SOUTH WALES		VICTORIA			
TCN-9	7.30 Saturday Aug. 26	GTV-9	7.30 Saturday Aug. 26	DDQ-10	8.30 Saturday Aug. 26
WIN-4	7.30 Saturday Aug. 26	GLV-10	7.30 Saturday Aug. 26	SDQ-4	8.30 Saturday Aug. 26
NBN-3	8.30 Saturday Aug. 26	BTV-6	8.30 Saturday Sept. 2	FNQ-10	7.30 Saturday Sept. 9
RVN-2	7.30 Saturday Sept. 2	BCV-8	8.00 Saturday Sept. 2	SOUTH AUSTRALIA	
MTN-9	8.00 Saturday Sept. 2	GMV-6	7.30 Saturday Sept. 2	NWS-9	7.30 Thursday Sept. 7
RTN-8	8.00 Saturday Sept. 2	STV-8	7.30 Saturday Sept. 16	SES-8	8.00 Saturday Sept. 9
CBN-8	7.30 Saturday Sept. 2			WESTERN AUSTRALIA	
CWN-6	7.30 Saturday Sept. 2	QUEENSLAND		TVW-7	7.05 Saturday Aug. 26
AMV-4	8.00 Saturday Sept. 2	QTQ-9	7.30 Tuesday Aug. 29	BTW-3	8.00 Saturday Sept. 16
NRN-11	7.30 Saturday Sept. 2	TNQ-7	7.00 Saturday Aug. 26	TASMANIA	
ECN-8	8.00 Saturday Sept. 9	WBQ-8	7.30 Saturday Aug. 26	TVT-6	7.30 Saturday Sept. 9
NEN-9	8.00 Saturday Sept. 9	RTQ-7	7.50 Saturday Aug. 26	TNT-9	7.30 Saturday Sept. 9

LISSY TAKES A SUITCASE

By NORAH SMARIDGE

LISSY flung out of the room, crying a defiant "Try and stop me!" Marian half rose to follow her, but she decided against it. She mustn't side with her step-daughter, even though John had been far too blunt in forbidding Lissy to spend the weekend with her cousin Tiggy and Aunt Bette in Greenwich Village.

Stepmothers certainly have problems, Marian thought. Not that hers was the usual one. Lissy didn't hate her or resent her. When Marian had been John Maitland's secretary, Lissy had liked her — and she had gone right on liking her when, a year after her mother's death, John had brought Marian home as his second wife.

"What's got into Lissy — she's so changed!" John said now. "All this crazy stuff and crazy talk. She says Tiggy and the kids in Greenwich Village are all mods —whatever that is!" He eyed Marian resentfully. "Can't you handle her?"

"I don't try to handle her," Marian said quietly. "Lissy's nearly fifteen and she's unusually intelligent."

John wasn't even listening. "Lissy's changed for the worse," he said gloomily. "She used to be such a sweet, sane child. Now — well, look at the kids she runs around with. Boys with long hair! And the music she plays — stupid, noisy stuff. And that mini-skirt she had on last week."

Marian smiled. "It wasn't strictly a mini-skirt," she said. "And you shouldn't have ordered her to change, as if she were doing something wrong. The skirt was short, but that's the way the girls are wearing them. Personally, I thought Lissy looked lovely—" She went on, trying to make John smile. "Next week she may be wearing a paper dress—they're going to be the next fad. Or a dress out of a can." Last night, Lissy had shown her a newspaper clipping, laughing. "Look, Marian," she had said. "Canned dresses!"

"I won't have her staying with that niece of mine in Greenwich Village," John said, still unsmiling. "Tiggy goes in for all that mod business—and her mother's not much better. I won't have Lissy meeting the kind of riffraff they associate with." Suddenly he looked at Marian. "You don't think Lissy meant it, do you? When she said: 'Try and stop me!' "

"I don't know," Marian said. "But if I were you, I'd stop nagging her."

John got up then. "I don't want her spoiled," he said. "I want her the way she was when—when her mother was alive to look after her!"

"John!" Marian was stung, and her tone showed it. And John was at once ashamed of his outburst. "I'm sorry," he said. "You do the best you can. It's just — maybe you're too permissive."

The next day, Friday, Marian called to Lissy as she was leaving for school. "I'm going into the city tomorrow, honey. Want to come? We could take in a matinee."

Lissy hesitated. "Thanks, no," she said. "I have other plans for Saturday."

But on Saturday, when Marian was ready to leave for the city, Lissy was still at home. Marian caught her going up to the attic, and Lissy laughed and colored. "I need some stuff for the Drama Club," she said. "Those old trunks came out of the ark—you can find the weirdest things in them!"

Marian didn't worry after that. But when she reached home that evening, their neighbor, Mrs. Janeway, delivered a bombshell. "Your husband just got in, Marian," she said. "He's fussing about Lissy. I happened to mention that I saw her getting into a taxi with a suitcase."

Marian tensed. Somehow she managed a smile. "Oh, John's forgotten," she said. "Lissy's cousin invited her to spend the weekend in Greenwich Village."

When she got into the house, John was just putting down the receiver. "Lissy's gone to Greenwich Village!" he said.

"I know," Marian said.

"I've been trying to get through to Tiggy," he said. "But there's no answer. I suppose she's taken Lissy to some espresso bar!" He started up from his chair. "I'm going to bring Lissy home!"

"Oh, no, you're not," Marian said. "I wouldn't go after Lissy if I were you. You've made her annoyed—and she's only showing her independence. She'll telephone us, sooner or later."

Pushing him back into the chair, she sat on the arm. "Darling, don't you see that you're making a mistake with Lissy? You've got to stop wanting her to be the meek, quiet little girl she was when her mother was alive. Lissy's come out of her shell—and she wants to be like the other kids, fads and crazy dresses and everything!" She added stoutly: "I'm not in the faintest degree worried about Lissy!"

There was a long silence. Then John said, "You're not? All right. I'll wait."

It was a long wait. Eight o'clock. Nine. Ten — and still no call from Lissy. To Marian, it seemed an eternity. John, she knew, was not reading his book; he was staring at it, unseeing, waiting for the telephone to ring. Then, at five past 11, it did ring . . . and Marian got to it first. "Oh, Marian, I'm glad it's you," Lissy said. "I didn't mean to be so late. I was going to take the nine o'clock bus, but Tiggy's crazy clock was wrong—so I missed it. I'm down at the square—ask Daddy to pick me up, will you?"

Ten minutes later, when Lissy and John arrived, they both looked happy and amused. "Lissy had no intention of staying in Greenwich Village," John told Marian. "I've promised she can spend weekends with Tiggy when she's 17."

Marian's eyes were on the suitcase. "But why—" she said, looking at Lissy. "If you weren't going to stay, why the suitcase?"

Lissy looked puzzled for a minute. Then she laughed. "Oh—that," she said. "Tiggy was so furious with Daddy for not letting me stay with them that I had to make it up to her somehow. So I took along some old stuff out of the attic trunks. Mod stuff. It's the very latest fad in Greenwich Village — wearing old clothes."

She giggled. "Grandmother's underwear and kid shoes and—oh, moth-eaten furs! I took Tiggy that old Salvation Army uniform that used to belong to my great-uncle—she was simply ecstatic!"

Marian laughed, too, and John joined in. "Maybe we could find some long, red flannels for Lissy herself?" he suggested.

Lissy shuddered. "I wouldn't be caught dead in them, no matter how mod they are!" she said. "But I would like to wear my mini-skirt—without you having fits!"

Marian met John's eyes; there was a warning in hers. "OK, go ahead and wear it," John said. And added, half-wryly, "I had better get used to it—before the paper dresses come along. To say nothing of the canned."

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Australian doctor's $15,000 research on the pill

DR. VICTOR WYNN in his laboratory at St Mary's Hospital Medical School, London.

By ANNE WOODHAM
of our London staff

CORONARY thrombosis, uterine cancer, even housemaid's knee—they've all been mentioned as 'evidence' in anti-pill arguments. But yet another threat has been discovered — and if findings so far are correct it will affect far more women. The threat is that of steroid diabetes, a comparatively rare disease.

The connection between this and the pill was discovered last year by 46-year-old Australian doctor, Victor Wynn, who recently received an accolade from the United States — acknowledgment that he is probably the best man in the world to study the long-term effects of contraceptive pills on the ten million women now using them.

The acknowledgment took the form of a grant from the U.S. National Institute of Public Health, awarding him $15,000 a year for the next seven years to investigate the question.

Steroid diabetes is one of the first items on his agenda.

"This form of diabetes occurs in a significant proportion of women taking the pill," said Dr. Wynn. "—something like 20 percent.

"A woman planning to take the pill should discuss this possibility with her doctors — especially if she has a family history of diabetes."

It's a disease that can go unnoticed. Dr. Wynn strongly recommends that every woman taking the pill should have a metabolic check at a clinic every one or two years.

Dr. Wynn, who leads a research team of 20 scientists at the Alexander Simpson Metabolic Laboratory at St. Mary's Hospital Medical School, London, has spent three years studying the long-term effects of the contraceptive pill on women's metabolism.

He is a graduate of Melbourne University who has lived in England for 17 years.

He arrived in England in 1950 on a Nuffield Scholarship, after helping to establish the now-famous Harold Florey Laboratory in Melbourne.

Even without the grant of American dollars Dr. Wynn's probe on diabetes and other effects would have begun. The extra money means he can do the job just as thoroughly—but on many more people.

Nearly 2000 women, whose ages range from 18 to 60-plus, who are taking or have taken the pill, will take part.

All are, or have been, contraceptive pill takers because they wanted to be. Not one will be put on the pill by research workers merely to find facts.

Dr. Wynn is totally against using patients as guinea pigs for any reason.

Good effects

He said: "Our new investigation is perhaps the most ambitious project of its kind anywhere — certainly in Europe and the United States.

"This is completely open-minded investigation. We are as likely to come up with evidence of the good effects of the pill, and of other forms of contraception, as we are of adverse effects."

So much pill-talk is speculative. It has to be. It hasn't been around long enough for anyone to establish its long-term effects with any certainty.

At the moment, it is still a matter of "possiblys", "perhapses", "probablys."

But not all of them are as disturbing as the diabetes discovery.

Medical men are now wondering what happens to a woman taking the pill during menopause and the period beyond this. Some doctors believe it will have a rejuvenating effect delaying the menopause and therefore prolonging youthfulness.

That's a pro-pill argument. There are still the chances of more adverse affects — not yet fully investigated. There's an indication that the contraceptive pill could change the blood-fat pattern of women, making it similar to that of men.

In this case, they will run the same risk of coronary diseases as men do.

The blood fat patterns could explain the Dunlop Report's findings that there is a firm link between thromboembolism and the pill in women.

Those taking the pill, said the Dunlop Committee, run more risk than those who don't. But that risk of blood-clotting is less than occurs during pregnancy, post-pregnancy, and following operations—far less than the public, rapidly growing hysterical about it, had begun to suspect.

But how blood-clotting occurs is still one of the greatest mysteries in medicine.

It's one of the problems that Dr. Wynn and the Metabolic Laboratory will be investigating.

More amazing still is the fact that no one — but no one— is absolutely sure how this drug actually works.

The effect is obvious. For 20 or 21 days (depending on the brand) of each month, a woman's egg-producing function is in a state of suspended animation — in a state akin to pregnancy.

And the basic fact remains that for at least 264 days in each year she submits herself to an unnatural "blockage" in her body rhythms.

What happens when she does this is what Dr. Wynn is after — all the bodily side-effects — weight gain, water retention, blood clotting.

"The pill," he says, "goes far beyond the problem of conception. It's changing the whole metabolism of women.

"Like this diabetes threat. Somehow the pill changes the amount of glucose in the blood and leads to the disease. It's changing the whole hormonal balance of women and this has enormous implications.

"According to Prof. Carey, in Sydney, certain brands of the pill seem to make women more masculine—less tearful —but then others appear to make them more feminine.

"It's a very interesting development. As far as I know, Prof. Carey is the only person studying this extensively."

Dr. Wynn stresses that a woman taking the pill should do so only on the recommendation of her doctor.

"It's not like drinking tea or coffee," he said. "It's an interference with a woman's normal hormonal balance, and, as such, should be regarded as an experiment controlled by her doctor."

Dr. Wynn considers that the pill is so close to being 100 percent effective that most women can accept it as such.

"Where pregnancies occur the woman has usually taken it wrongly or has forgotten," he said.

"There are cases of women being resistant to it, but these are very rare indeed."

"Australia," said Dr. Victor Wynn," has the highest consumption rate of contraceptive pills in the world—per head of population.

"The reasons? Australia has one of the highest standards of living in the world—and so many of its women are young and vigorous."

Dr. Wynn is strongly opposed to the idea of young unmarried girls getting the pill from a boyfriend who knows a friend who knows a medical student.

"Every type of pill is different and has different problems," he said. "A woman's doctor knows the best one to give her.

"There are genuine medical conditions for which a doctor might prescribe the pill," he added—"irregular periods or bleeding, for example.

"Many doctors advise going off the pill after two years or so. This is a precaution against any long term effects, and we will be going into this in our research program.

"The pill is a tremendously good discovery: in its widest implications, it's a fantastic discovery.

"It's the most important medical thing under research at the present."

But he will not commit himself on what he thinks of the pill. He refuses to be labelled either pro or anti. His job, he says, is merely to determine the safety of the pill. He won't even say whether his wife, Marianne, (a German reader at London University) is on the pill or not.

New breed

Apart from sociological factors such as control of the population explosion, Dr. Wynn sees a new breed of women developing from the discovery of the contraceptive pill.

"The challenge that humans face today is control of their own destiny in every respect," he said.

"With the pill a woman, in a world already offering her equality in education and career, will have control of her bodily functions."

Dr. Wynn has an eight-year-old daughter, Nicola. The prospect of her growing up into one of the new breed doesn't frighten him one bit, he says.

Our International Fashion Parades

TWO internationally acclaimed overseas mannequins who will take part in our exciting International Vogue Fashion Parades are Lillina Monti, from Milan, Italy (left), and Bobo Faulkner (right), from London.

Lillina and Bobo, with two models from Paris and New York will fly in by Pan-Am and will be joined by four top Australian models for the parades.

The two other overseas models are Helene Delrieu, a dashing Parisian brunette of great personal charm, and Anne Burke, from America.

Anne, also dark-haired and willowy of figure, has all the fresh-faced appeal that has now come to be expected of the American girl.

The Australian girls are Di Woolley, Antoinette Perrett, Liz Ford, and Dawn Scott, from Sydney, with Jan Stewart, Di Young, Nerida Piggin, and Julie Wilkinson, from Melbourne.

The Australian Women's Weekly is associated with Farmers, Sydney, and Myers, Melbourne, in presenting these colorful parades of over 100 original Spring couture fashions from the top design houses of Britain, Europe, America, and New Zealand.

Daily parades in Sydney in Farmer's Rose Room, from Wednesday, September 20, to Wednesday, September 27, inclusive, are to be at 3.30 p.m. Tickets will be $1.50, including afternoon tea.

In the evenings, they are at 6.30., and there will be a 10 a.m. parade on Saturday, September 23. Tickets for these parades will be $1.

Bookings can be made at Farmer's show booking office, ground floor.

In Sydney, the Royal Blind Society of N.S.W. is to benefit from a Gala Premiere Dinner at the new Wentworth Hotel on September 19.

Daily parades in Melbourne in the Myer Mural Hall from Monday, October 2, to Wednesday, October 11, will be held at 3 p.m. and again at 8 p.m.

Bookings open at Myer Booking Office on Monday, September 4.

In Melbourne, the Lady Mayoress' Committee is to benefit from the dinner and parade in the Myer Mural Hall, September 30.

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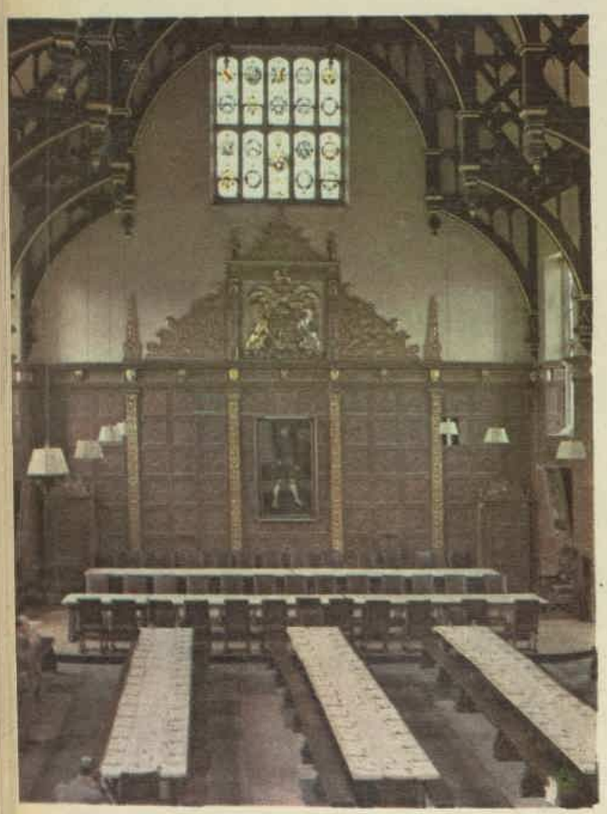
THE STUDENT PRINCE gets ready for Cambridge

TRINITY COLLEGE, one the many residential colleges which make up Cambridge University, about 60 miles north of London. The university was founded about the year 1200, and Trinity College in 1350. AT RIGHT: Students boating on the tree-lined, gentle River Cam.

Pictures by staff photographer David Graves



OLD DINING-HALL at Trinity College has medieval air.

CHARLES WINDSOR, a newly confident and grown-up young man, will take his place as the student prince at Cambridge University on October 8. He is longing to get there and put school days behind him.

It was with a sigh of relief that Prince Charles recently learned he had been accepted for Trinity College. School had become a terrible drag, and he was bored stiff. He was in his nineteenth year and had set his heart on getting to Cambridge.

Charles was excited and happily planning his student life on the day he went with his father to meet Dr. Denis Marrian, who will be his tutor at Trinity, guiding his studies and sorting out his personal problems.

Princes Charles has always been shy. But on that day he was quietly forceful, and talked to his tutor with passion and conviction.

Scarcely was the young man seated in the tutor's friendly study, with its modern paintings and glowing autumn toned carpet and curtains, than Prince Philip left the room. For once, Charles was able to talk about his own future without a parent or court adviser being present.

Half an hour later he had picked the main subject of his university studies — essentially, people.

Said Dr. Marrian, "It was his own choice."

The Prince will read Archaeology and Physical and Social Anthropology. The course is three years, and covers the development, customs, religions, and living conditions of other nations, particularly those of the Commonwealth.

He will study for his B.A. degree with 50 other first-year students.

"The other students have not been selected yet, but there are bound to be a few Africans and Indians," Professor Meyer Fortes, in charge of Social Anthropology, told me.

"He will have to make personal contact with people of a variety of colors and accents. We place tremendous stress on the Commonwealth.

"And we teach our students to respect those so-called savages in countries such as Africa."

Prince Charles will join in excavation work at archaeological sites, and if he stays the course he'll go abroad with other students in field studies. The Cambridge prospect opens up a whole new and wonderful world for him.

No wonder he is swotting like mad to make certain he can join in the full academic life.

Those who so misunderstood the royal teenager as to label him neither bright nor clever and with no mind of his own are going to be jolted back to reality.

Prince Charles has a quality some might think a bit old-fashioned. Those who know him well have nothing but admiration and love for his sensitivity and thoughtfulness for others. Whether so-called savages or society debs, he really cares what they feel.

By ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff

He hates to embarrass anyone, particularly the girls in his set, lest being seen around with them they get an overdose of publicity.

And even if he hasn't been a rebellious teenager, he has had all their idealisms. Now, with the natural urge to take control of his own life, he has mapped it out imaginatively.

As the heir to the throne, he is not in a position to strike out for complete independence. But if he didn't have the instinct for it he wouldn't be where he is now.

He is the twenty-first Prince of Wales (the investiture will take place in 1969) — and the first one to go to a school.

Soon he will leave his baggage in the porter's lodge at the great gate at Trinity College, collect the key to his rooms (as spartan as those at his schools), and settle down hopefully to be one of the undergraduates.

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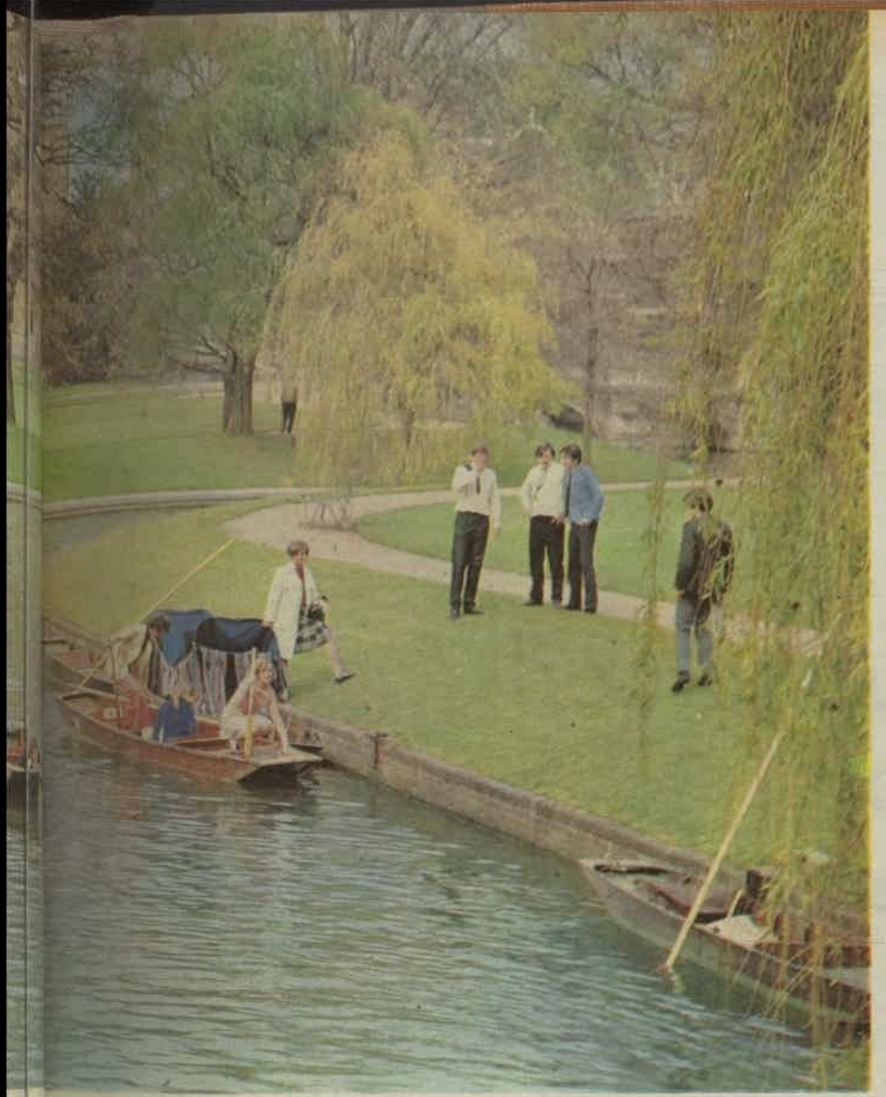

Charles is to have no privileges and will have to keep the rules: no dog, no hire-purchase debts over £20, in by 2 a.m. ("We'll grab him by the seat of his pants if we catch him climbing over the fence," said the porter).

He'll be allowed to have a bicycle, but, until he is 22, no motor-scooter or car.

The Master of Trinity, Lord Butler, hopes he will be a mixer, and remarked, "The danger is sitting in a room alone with nothing to do. It's better to go to the pub with friends and have a drink."

But Prince Charles will arrive with a new-found confidence — and a load of gear to make college life all the more interesting.

He rarely moves abroad without his tape-recorder. All members of the royal family must keep diaries for the archives, and the mod Prince and his sister put much for the record on tape. They share a tape-recorder at Windsor, where they tape pop numbers.

Charles taped his account of the fascination of tribal dances in New Guinea, which sparked off his interest in anthropology.

He isn't much of a letter writer. "I haven't had a line," Princess Anne complained to his friend Rosaleen Bagge, with whom he kept up a correspondence from Australia.

"He doesn't write often," said Rosaleen, "but when he does it's a good long letter."

Charles did, however, keep in touch with tapes, sending them down to the Queen and his father from Gordonstoun.

From some of them it is now confirmed that he was never too happy there, even though finishing up as head boy. The misery of his early days, how he hated the rugged group activities, the tough, rough football (he had his nose broken) and the cricket team, was all taped for a royal chronicler.

Now he can choose for himself, and at Trinity there awaits the Music Society. Charles plays the cello, and his teacher, Ella Taylor, says he is very good.

He also might play the trumpet in the flourishing college orchestra. He bought one for £80 some years ago, after borrowing the Gordonstoun school orchestra's trumpet to learn.

During the holidays at Windsor his pop sessions are virtually non-stop. Charles and his sister have their own beat group, with £600 worth of equipment.

He has an electric guitar, Anne a £400 electric organ. And to keep them well out of earshot, the Queen had two rooms turned into a sound-proof rumpus room.

There are bound to be pop sessions at Cambridge, Charles so enjoys them. His collection of discs is always right up to the minute. Currently it's the Monkees that are tops at Gordonstoun, the Who, and the brilliant Eric Clapton on the guitar.

Prince Charles likes both folk and classical music. He is a fan of Joan Baez and Julie Felix. His taste in the classics has been developed by the Queen. And Cambridge has much to offer — they are producing a Schubert opera this year.

Charles sings lustily in the Gordonstoun choir and in Gilbert and Sullivan opera, and, moreover enjoys sitting with long-haired hippy teenagers.

Trinity College's dramatic society is wide open to Charles since his Gordonstoun performance as an actor. "Should he join, he'll get plenty of chances to brush up on his Shakespeare," said a member.

Athletic types want the Prince for any of his sporting abilities. Perhaps he will try to win with a blue for polo. (Oxford won the last game 8-1.)

If he joins the Magpie and Stump, Trinity's debating society, he will have to drink cheap port, not because cherry brandy is considered rather esoteric but because the president has to supply it. "But then, nobody is encouraged to speak sober," the current president explained.

Prince Charles will take in his stride the discomforts of Trinity, the drab deal furniture in his room and the chilly dash across the courtyard for a bath in the early morning.

Two cold showers a day and the spartan life at Gordonstoun have conditioned him.

STUDENTS' ROOMS are sparsely furnished. designed for study.

NEW STUDENTS are photographed and sign the enrolment book.

PRIVATE ROOM where Trinity students can have dinner parties.

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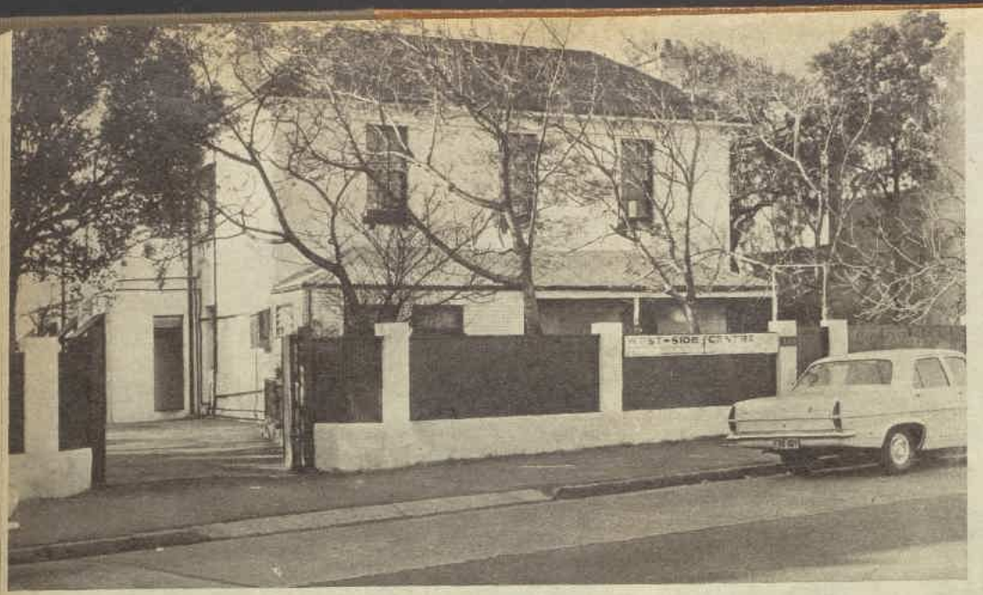

THE WEST SIDE CENTRE, BALMAIN N.S.W. A stately 43-square century-old two-storey home which is a haven for the aged, the migrant, the youth and the person in need.

THE REV. BARRIE HOWARD, Superintendent of the West Side Mission (right) with the Rev. Father Albert Corkill, in the snack bar of the Young People's Club.

Youth club turned a spoilt brat into a lady

A GAGGLE of young boys stood outside the entrance to the old Balmain colonial home, pushing and jostling each other in the way that is common to their age.

Across a strip of garden, lights blazed a welcome from the ground floor of the house and the strident screech of a pop singer coming from a juke box jangled through the night.

It was a Friday night and the Methodist West Side Centre's Young People's Club was well away.

Through the french windows, edging carefully past a group of teenagers energetically performing the erratic motions of the modern dances, past tables of young boys concentrating on their card games and Chinese Chequers, I made my way up to the snack bar at the end of the room.

At one end the Rev. Barrie Howard, a large, genial dynamo of a man, leant happily on the bar talking to the Rev. Father Albert Corkill, who, with his sleeves rolled up, rinsed cups and saucers in the sink.

Radiates energy

Barrie, as he likes to be called, even by "the kids," has earned the nickname of "Hurricane Howard" since he became superintendent of the West Sydney Mission nearly two years ago.

A man who radiates enthusiasm and energy, with a driving urge to help the people around him, he regards the needs, the welfare, the lives of the some 75,000 people of Rozelle-Balmain-Glebe as his problem — regardless of their denomination.

And his methods, his ways of approach to those problems have earned him admirers from other denominations. Father Corkill, Dean of the Divine Word Missionary, Epping, was at the Centre to "help and be helped" by Barrie and the kids.

"I have the greatest admiration for the work he is doing," he told me.

When Barrie was offered the appointment early in 1965 he was told the church in the inner city was "on the way out," but he didn't believe it. It was here, he was sure, that he could get down to grips with life and its problems.

"Any minister who thinks he can preach and help people without becoming committed or involved is wrong," he said, as he sprinted up the stairs to his office.

"That's what is wrong with the church. It has become too remote. It must move with the world. It can't sit as it did years ago and expect people to come to it. No, you must go out to the people and help them.

"And that help should be given without expectations of return. I mean, DON'T demand an hour on a hard bench in church on Sunday morning for a handout of clothes or food."

We sat down at the huge, cluttered desk that stood in the middle of the room. On the wall opposite, a Salvador Dali print of the Crucifixion seemed in keeping with the modern approach to Christianity, now being explained by this unusual and sincere man.

Barrie Howard was never a "churchy" child—his own expression. Born in Wingham, he went to a Presbyterian boarding school in Sydney where he attended chapel "because that was the pattern," and then went into partnership with his father in a property at Young.

"I suppose the only time I went to church before I was 21 was when I attended a wedding. I can't really remember why I started going regularly.

"And then? Well, it's hard to describe really — people say you get a 'calling' so I suppose that's what I got. I know I kicked against it for five or six years. The fact that I was engaged to be married made up my mind for me. I knew I wouldn't make a good husband in the frame of mind I was in."

Barrie joined the Methodist ministry and spent two years at Ramsgate and five years at Wingham studying. Ordained in 1963 he spent a further 12 months at Wingham.

"When I first came here the church was dying on its feet. Ninety percent of its congregation were old people. We started talking in general terms of the needs of the people around us and ended up doing a complete survey.

"We found there were four needs. Youth, age, migrants, and social needs. So we set to and started tackling the lot.

"Well, we needed a haven, so we bought this building for $46,000." He leaned back in his chair and let his laughter echo around the room. "We still owe $31,000—you'd better put that down or people will think we really have some money.

"But, it was a start and it's become a centre for the young and for the old, who, with a voluntary service, can now get a good solid lunch each day for 30 cents.

"Then we called for voluntary social workers whom we were prepared to train. We had 87 applications and chose 23. The first ones we knocked back were the 'do-gooders'. They have enough problems of their own.

"By the way, we are calling for more right social workers at this moment.

"And, I am rather proud to be able to say that our two-year training course for lay counsellors is regarded, today, as the best of its kind in Australia.

"We knew there were a lot of kids in the area that no one had ever seen, so we opened up the youth centre.

"I remember the first night we opened. About 240 turned up and we stayed open until after midnight, thinking we could sit some of the late stayers out.

"There were 22 of them, eleven between 11 and 13. Five of these said if they were not home each night by nine they were locked out. Some had spent the previous night at Palm Beach with some older boys and, that night, they spoke of going to Kings Cross.

Normal language

"We found ourselves accepting a lot of things that went against the grain. Not just swearing, but language that, to us, was filth. But, then we came to understand that to these young people it was a normal language.

"I can remember coming downstairs one night and hearing a young fifteen-year-old girl — let's just call her Mary — sounding off about what she was going to do to her boyfriend for standing her up — and, believe me, it was a pretty graphic description.

"One of my weak spots is my temper and I felt like turning her upside down and paddling her. Instead, I swallowed hard and, as I walked past I said, 'you know that doesn't sound much like a lady, does it?'

"The reaction was what I expected. She and the group with her jeered and laughed and booed me on my way. But, a couple of nights later she came up to me and asked me if she could speak to me alone.

"When we got to my office she just looked at me and said, 'you don't think I'm a lady do you? I'd like to be one, but how can I learn?'

"Well, anyone willing to learn is a good pupil, and she was an extremely intelligent young girl. She had thirteen interviews with the social workers here.

"Today, she is employed as a receptionist at a pretty important company, coming into contact with people all the time.

"But the important thing was the young people kept on coming and, about four months after we opened, I was asked when the "Bible bashing" was going to start. It hasn't yet and it won't be started.

"Young people don't want 'ecclesiastical guff' and they don't want the 'sin guff' preached at them, either. They want help and that is what the church should reach out and give them, regardless of who they are or what they are.

"I don't believe the church should set a standard and say if you can come up to that, if you can reform and follow the pattern, then, 'we will love you.' Nowhere in the gospels can I find such an attitude. Christ cared for everybody, and that is what the church should do today.

"No, this is a meeting place for them where they can talk, dance, play cards, listen to the music, look at television, and relax.

"We are pretty permissive here. But we don't allow gambling, drinking, or soliciting. Soliciting? Some of the young schoolgirls in the area, 14, 15, apparently earn a bit of pocket-money that way at 50 cents a time. But, how can you blame them? They don't know what they are doing.

"The boys are keen on playing euchre or 500 and we rent them a pack of cards for 20 cents. If they damage the pack they know they have to pay for it. I can be tough.

Blamed parents

"The greatest problem we had at the start was communication. We blamed the parents but found we were wrong. The parents didn't know how to help their children, how to communicate with them because they, themselves, had never been taught.

"The results achieved after our first year? Very little, really. Perhaps a slight break-through in communication. I know I was overcome with shock the first time a young man shook me by the hand. That is something the young people around here just don't do.

"No, the results, I feel, will come in another ten, fifteen years when these young people have children and will remember the way of life they found here with the church and, remembering, will wish it for their children."

"We are nowhere near to having answers to lots of questions yet but we will keep on searching and keep on moving with the world.

"But whatever you do, you must try. You can't sit down and talk. What you say is only of value if backed up by concrete action."

—Gloria Newton

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CAIRNS, North Queensland, seen from the Barron River Gorge. The picture was taken by Mr. J. Melville, of Kogarah, N.S.W.

AUSTRALIAN ALMANAC

● *A weekly series, by Bill Beatty*

AUGUST 27

1870 John Forrest reached Adelaide from Perth. Forrest, with his brother, Alexander, in the face of almost incredible difficulties, succeeded in finding an overland route from Perth to South Australia, completing the journey in five months.

1891 First Brisbane wool sales.

1907 Death of James Mulligan, explorer and prospector. Mulligan joined the rush to the Gympie, Qld., goldfields and later mined on the Etheridge goldfields in North Queensland. During his wanderings, he discovered the Hodgkinson and the Wild Rivers. More than £1 million worth of gold was found on the Hodgkinson and its exploitation resulted in the development of Cairns and Port Douglas. Mulligan also made the first discovery of silver in Queensland, in 1880, at a place west of Herberton that became known as Silver Valley.

AUGUST 28

1791 Wreck of the Pandora. HMS Pandora was carrying 14 of the Bounty mutineers arrested in Tahiti back to England for trial. It came to grief off Murray Island, in Torres Strait. Four mutineers were among the 35 drowned. The 99 survivors left the doomed frigate in four open boats and, following Bligh's journey, reached Timor. Ultimately they landed in England.

When the Pandora sailed from Tahiti, the mutineers were manacled and confined in a wooden cage 11ft. by 18ft.—nicknamed "Pandora's Box"—and their rations were scarcely sufficient to keep them alive. Captain Edwards' treatment of his prisoners, before and after the wreck, has been condemned as excessively brutal by historians and even by officers in the service at that time.

1888 First meeting of the Australasian Association for the Advancement of Science.

AUGUST 29

1862 Birth of Andrew Fisher, Prime Minister of Australia. Son of a Scottish coalminer, Fisher migrated to Australia in 1885 and worked as a coalminer for some years in Queensland. In 1893 he was elected to the Legislative Assembly for Gympie. At the first Federal election, in 1901, Fisher was returned to the House of Representatives as Member for Wide Bay, a seat he held until his retirement 15 years later.

Fisher was twice Prime Minister and Treasurer and during more than three years of office saw more than 100 measures passed. The Commonwealth Bank was inaugurated, compulsory military training introduced, the transcontinental railway begun, maternity allowances established, and the Commonwealth took over from South Australia the responsibility of the Northern Territory.

1877 Death of bushranger Martin Cash. Cash was sentenced to transportation for attempting to murder a rival in a love affair. While in Tasmania, he was sent to Port Arthur for absconding, and there planned an escape with two bushrangers. They managed to swim the inlet at Eaglehawk Neck and get away. The trio made camp on Dromedary Mountain, near New Norfolk, and raided settlers' homes over a wide area. After his pardon in 1853, Cash was for a time caretaker of the Hobart Botanic Gardens.

1882 Origin of the term "the Ashes." The word was coined after the ninth Test in London, which Australia won by seven runs. The London "Sporting Times" published this "In Memoriam" notice: "In affectionate remembrance of English Cricket, which died at the Oval on August 29, 1882. Deeply lamented by a large circle of sorrowing friends and acquaintances. R.I.P. N.B. —The body will be cremated and the ashes taken to Australia."

AUGUST 30

1870 Intercolonial Exhibition opened in Exhibition Building, Prince Alfred Park, Sydney.

AUGUST 31

1814 Death of Governor Phillip at Bath, England.

1834 Wreck of the Charles Eaton. The barque, on a voyage from Sydney to Singapore, was wrecked on the Great Barrier Reef near the Sir Charles Hardy Islands. Four men in a boat arrived at Amboina and Batavia. Natives murdered the remaining 27 people on board the wrecked ship with the exception of two boys, John Ireland, the ship's boy, and William D'Oyley, a passenger's child, aged 2.

The boys were taken to Marsden Island, where they were well treated and kept as curiosities. Natives from all parts of Torres Strait visited the island to look at the strange white children who had come out of the sea. It was believed that they were reincarnations of deceased natives.

Among the visitors was a chief named Duppah, who took such a fancy to the boys that he bought them for two bunches of bananas. Duppah then carried off his prizes to his home on Mer, now called Murray, Island. One day the trading vessel Mangles, under the command of Captain Carr, anchored off Mer Island. Among the natives who came out in canoes to trade was John Ireland, but when he was offered a chance to escape he was reluctant, saying that both Will D'Oyley and himself were happy.

Two years later, Captain Lewis of the Isabella arrived at Mer Island and this time John Ireland decided to return to civilisation and take Will D'Oyley with him. Will was only four and cried bitterly when taken from the natives. Captain Lewis also took with him the skulls of the murdered people aboard the Charles Eaton for burial at Bunnerong Cemetery, Sydney.

SEPTEMBER 1

1837 Governor Macquarie laid the foundation stone of St. Andrew's Cathedral.

Here are architect Greenway's words describing his conception of the cathedral: "The church to stand in the centre of a large circus, similar to the plan laid down by Sir Christopher Wren of St. Paul's Church, London. At the four principal points, four streets to be made, one to Parramatta, one through York Street, one to Cockle Bay . . . one to have communication with Hyde Park, to be laid out in the most elegant style of landscape gardening. About this grand quadrangle to be laid out all the public buildings, raised in a classical style, upon a level base, making as a whole as grand a square as any in Europe."

Alas for such dreams. After the cathedral stone was laid and the foundations just begun, Commissioner Bigge, who had been sent from England by the Home Office to investigate things in general, arrived. Aghast at such grandiose ideas for what he considered little more than a penal settlement at the end of the earth, he ordered work to be stopped. It was 18 years before the foundation stone was relaid in another position by Governor Sir Richard Bourke and the present St. Andrew's Cathedral was begun.

1841 Melbourne Savings Bank established.

1923 Bellbird mining disaster — an explosion in the deep workings of the Bellbird coalmine at Cessnock, N.S.W. Twenty men died, including John Brown, manager of the Aberdare pit, who lost his life trying to rescue others. The morning shift of 500 had left the mine half an hour before the explosion.

SEPTEMBER 2

1818 Oxley crossed the Peel River. Surveyor-General John Oxley led an expedition to investigate the Macquarie River, N.S.W., but marshland impeded progress. Considering this to be the termination of the river, he marched eastward and reached Port Macquarie, having discovered the Castlereagh and Peel Rivers and the rich and fertile Liverpool Plains.

1874 New General Post Office building, Sydney, opened.

1922 Death of Henry Lawson.

1935 Death in Adelaide of Sir Sidney Kidman, the "Cattle King." The South Australian pastoralist began his career when, at the age of 13, he bought a one-eyed horse, Cyclops, for £2/10/- and left Adelaide for New South Wales with 2/6 in his pocket. At Broken Hill he worked on a station property for £1 a week and out of this was able to save sufficient to buy a bullock team. In the early 1870s, Kidman opened a store at Cobar, where there was a rush to the recently discovered copper fields.

In his early twenties, he began trading in horses and cattle and in one deal he exchanged ten bullocks for a one-fourteenth share in the Broken Hill Proprietary mine. In 1880, Kidman bought Owen Springs Station, near Alice Springs, and gradually extended his holdings until they reached into many parts of Queensland and New South Wales.

During World War I, Kidman presented a number of Army planes to the empire, besides doing much war work. In 1921 he gave his country home, Eringa, near Kapunda, to the South Australian Education Department for use as a high school.

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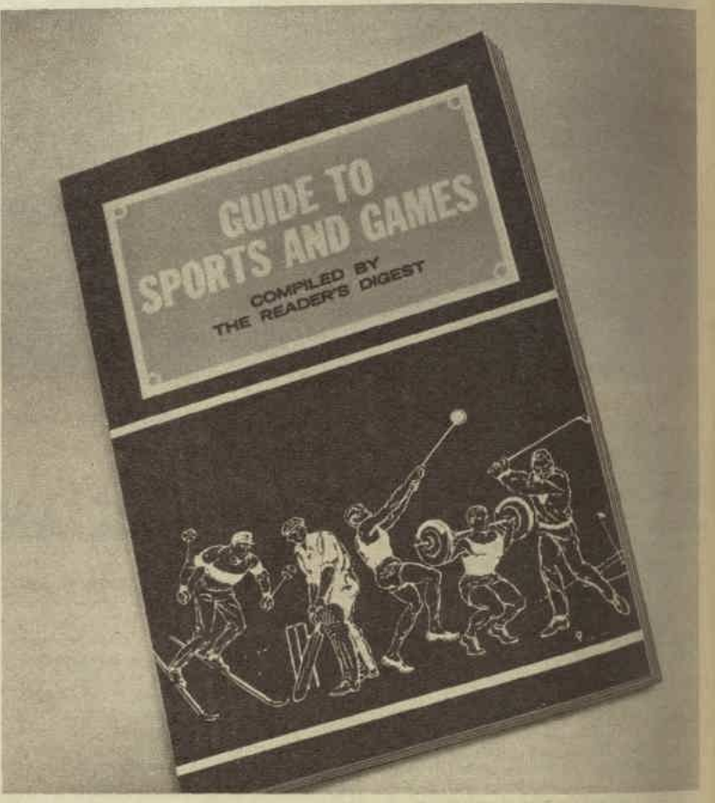
Mighty Two-in-One Gillette offer for Father's Day!

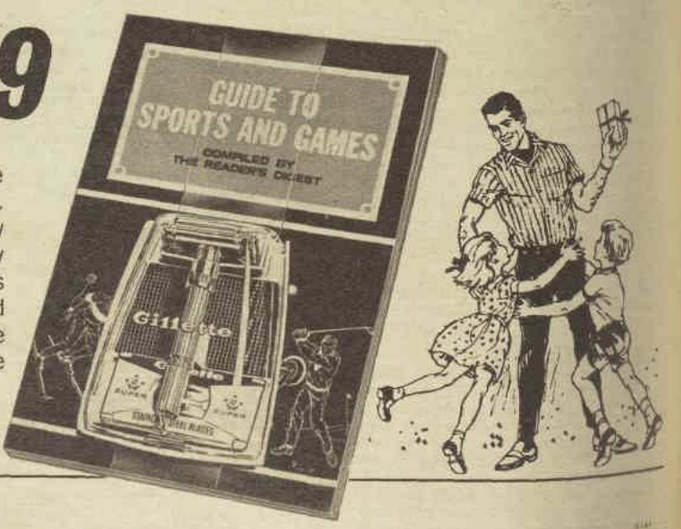
Nine different settings — so Dad can choose the one that's exactly right for his particular skin and beard.



The famous Gillette Slim-Adjustable razor plus this fascinating fact-filled book on sport

The two for only $2.49

This book is not for sale — anywhere. If it were, fathers everywhere would rush to buy it. But now it's all yours in this wonderful two-in-one Gillette offer — together with the world's best shaving instrument, a Gillette Slim-Adjustable razor. These two gifts make the best $2.49 worth you ever saw. The book has been compiled by Reader's Digest specially for Gillette. It will make Dad an authority on every sport. And when you can get him to show his face, you'll see how superbly that Slim-Adjustable razor does its job — no matter how tough his beard or tender his skin. Who wouldn't be Dad, with 2 wonderful gifts like these in the offing?



Father's Day — as if you'd forget — is Sunday Sept. 3.

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VINCE (Dr. Casey) EDWARDS AND HIS BRIDE

● Vince Edwards, TV's Dr. Ben Casey, and his bride Linda Foster, are now on their honeymoon, after their wedding at Dean Martin's Beverly Hills home, where they first met a year ago.

This was the second marriage for the 37-year-old bridegroom, and the first for the pretty 23-year-old bride.

VINCE AND LIN in Utah (right), where he made his most recent film, "The Devil's Brigade."

SNOWJEEP ride for Vince and Linda, on a mountainside with the film crew (right).

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TRAVELLERS' TALES . . .

Three girls in a van—2500 miles through Russia

CURIOUS ONLOOKERS surrounded the girls whenever they stopped, especially in country areas, and were friendly and inquisitive about the small, green van in which they travelled.

● *After 18 months' travelling and working in Europe, I decided I wanted to see behind the so-called "Iron Curtain." I found two friends, Jean and Merilyn, who didn't require much persuasion to join me.*

GUM (above), the huge department store in Moscow, looks like a "large railway station." Sue and her friends found that, despite price control, the cost of anything from fur hats to theatre tickets varied considerably. Below, Ukrainian peasant women presented the girls with fruit. Sue Burston is on the right of the group, Jean at the left.

MANY wrong impressions are spread about travel restrictions in Russia. We were told that we would not be permitted to take our own car, but would have to join a highly organised, costly tour. In fact, Intourist provides a map of the U.S.S.R. which shows roads that are free for tourists to travel on, as well as the location of camping grounds.

From this map we worked out our itinerary, and then sent the final plan for our trip to Intourist, together with exact dates of arrival and length of stay at each camping ground.

This was all then cabled to Moscow. After final approval we were issued with visas. We had to pay for our camp stays in advance.

En route to the U.S.S.R. we went to East and West Berlin, then drove up through the Netherlands, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, and started south some 150 miles above the Arctic Circle in Finnish Lapland. We stocked our van with what we hoped would be adequate food supplies for our stay in Russia.

With awe and anticipation we crossed into the U.S.S.R. at the only checkpoint from Finland.

We drove unescorted along a tree-lined road. After a few miles, children leapt out of the bushes and tried to stop us by standing right in our path. We learned later they wanted chewing-gum, unobtainable in Russia.

There were very few Soviet cars on the road, only heavy green-painted trucks, often driven by women.

At one point we saw a woman mending a puncture while all the men sat in the back smoking.

Wherever we stopped we were surrounded by curious onlookers. We found the camping ground some 40 kilometres from Leningrad, and, for the $1.10 each we had paid in advance, there were free gas stoves, hot water, table tennis, a cafe, and tents equipped with camp beds, tables, and chairs for hire at an extra 85c per person.

In Leningrad (like most other cities, as we were to discover later) it was hard to find our way around. There are no signs and all our maps were in English, which meant that people we stopped to ask couldn't read them.

Included in our pre-paid fee for camping was a guide free of charge for three hours every second day. We engaged, for the afternoon, a young foreign languages student who spoke fluent English.

We saw the Hermitage Museum from outside, St. Isaac's Cathedral, and the Fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul. It was on the site of the St. Peter and St. Paul Fortress that Leningrad was founded by Peter the Great early in the 18th century. It has a magnificent slender golden spire, and inside is decorated with wood painted to look like marble, chandeliers, and the tombs of the tsars.

Catherine the Great built the Hermitage to house her private art collection, and it was in the square behind the Hermitage that the peasants revolted in 1917. St. Isaac's is now a State museum.

Whenever we went into an art gallery or museum, it was swarming with cloth-capped workers. The amazing thing was that they actually seemed to enjoy being conducted around in droves, gazing at the extravagances of the overthrown aristocrats.

Leningrad is rich in history and museums, but I was itching to spruce it up with paint on the drab and peeling buildings, and to brighten up the uninteresting post-revolution buildings.

The equestrian statue of Peter is magnificent, and seems to capture the enthusiasm and enterprise of this great man. Our interpreter told us that had there been more tsars like him, Russia might be a different place.

We were also subjected to a lengthy discussion of the undoubted bravery of the citizens of Leningrad in World War II.

It was in Leningrad that we had our first experience of being firmly stopped and redirected by a policeman, after taking the wrong road back to the camping ground.

Your most treasured possession while travelling is your passport. We were therefore dismayed to discover that all the campers' passports were just left on a table in the unguarded office. This seemed rather out of context with the high organisation of the regulation-conscious Russians.

The road to Novgorod, through green farming country, is flat and badly surfaced. Many green trucks pulled up along the unmade edges with engine trouble.

Women carried buckets of water on yokes to the log-cabin-type houses, and, as it was the first day of school, children wore spotless white smocks and held bunches of flowers for their teachers.

Novgorod is a fairly new city with dull new buildings, concealing the older, poorly kept houses. We could not see any playing areas for children.

Just out of Novgorod we ventured into our first suburban shop to buy bread. There was very little on sale; chocolate at 45c for a 5c bar, jam at 60c, fish at 75c a tin — all badly displayed and with dull labels. Also sacks of flour, spaghetti, macaroni, and tins of pickled fish.

It's often 150 miles between petrol stations

After living in countries where there is a petrol station at almost every turn, it is very hard to become used to the fact that in Russia you often have to drive 150 miles to find one. There are no gimmicks, give-aways, signs or displays of car accessories — just a few old-fashioned pumps usually just set on a slab of concrete. More often than not you find that, even after you have managed to locate the petrol, the pumps are out of order. At a pump just before Kalinin, the woman attendant had to pump the petrol by hand from the underground tank.

Beside the road there were little "People's Gardens," complete with concrete statues of typical workers, with brave flowers trying to survive the putrid fumes from those wretched trucks.

In addition to the fumes, these trucks are a menace on the Russian roads—often they have acute wheel-wobble, and the drivers do not give any hand-signals. They do not have windscreen wipers, and when it rains they have to drive with their heads out the windows. If they see waiting workers they pull off the road, without warning, to pick them up. All drivers in Russia are supposed to stop for local hitch-hikers.

In the camping ground at Kalinin, we found a group of Russians dancing, among the puddles on a concrete uncovered area, to a 1930 Crosby record played on a wind-up gramophone. Kalinin is large, industrial, and colorless. Here we discovered that the Russians make the most delicious and reasonably priced ice-cream.

Although it was raining when we reached Moscow, it was easy to see that here was the showpiece of the Soviet Union — bigger and brighter shops, colored lights, more cars, and the people dressed in gayer clothes.

We were able to buy tickets, after some chasing around, to see the Georgian Dancers. Intourist told us that they only had seats for two roubles ($1.60), but we were advised by a local to try the theatre. Here an English-speaking Muscovite obtained 10-cent seats for us.

I was amazed to find ticket-scalpers in Moscow offering tickets at four times the original price. At interval they serve caviar heaped on a slice of bread for 40c, Russian champagne, beer, and vodka in the foyer.

Igor, a 35-year-old student who offered to show us around, was refused permission to show us the inside of the university as "we might disturb the students."

However, we were able to see the outside of the immense structure. We saw the indoor sport track and met a charming coach, who was very pleased to meet some people from "Melbourne, Olympic City."

After exhausting the names of athletes we knew from each other's country, we went with Igor to see the Biology Institute, where he studied, and ate in the student canteen. For 50c, we had a thin sliver of steak sitting on a mound of macaroni, half a tomato, and some stewed-apple water, with a few pieces of apple floating in it.

No one could fail to be

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SUE BURSTON, who wrote this article, is a Victorian schoolteacher who was granted two years' leave of absence to work and study abroad, during which time she made this tour of Russia. She returned to Australia and began teaching again. At present she is doing a course in Diagnostic Testing and Remedial Teaching at the University of Queensland, in Brisbane.

impressed by the U.S.S.R. exhibition of Economic Achievements. We went into the Young Pioneers' Hall, where we were given some apples to eat, and asked had we ever seen this fruit before. Next we were shown wheat, which they were sure was peculiar to Russia!

It never ceased to amaze us how little the average people know about other countries. They do not have newspapers as we know them; only information sheets run by the Party, and very little TV or radio that is not cultural or Party broadcasting.

The exhibition of the Cosmonauts and the Conquest of Space was most impressive. The space capsules were on show, as well as life histories of the cosmonauts, who are treated like film stars.

Honor system on buses; queues are a way of life

The Kremlin buildings are all beautifully tended and, apart from the Government buildings, are open to the public.

Much has been said and written of the Russian underground train systems. Here, for the set price of 5c, you can travel on swift, silent trains through spotless tunnels to stations lined with marble and containing statues of Russian heroes, and chandeliers. You can't help noticing the complete lack of advertisements.

The Lenin Sports Stadium, with its women groundkeepers and signs already urging athletes to train hard for the Mexico Olympic Games, was not as impressive as I had anticipated.

Having a strong desire to see a Russian ballet, I obtained seats for "Swan Lake." It was a magnificent production by a company unknown to the West (the Bolshoi company was on tour), and was well worth the 85c we paid to see it.

Buses in Moscow do not have conductors. Instead there is a plastic transparent box, and passengers are trusted to drop in their fare. You feel as if all eyes are on you when you enter the bus. Also, throughout the country there are volunteer informers who keep an eagle eye on all citizens.

As in England, queues are a way of life in Russia. Shops open only for certain hours each day, and before the doors open a long, orderly queue has formed.

I saw hordes of people in a not-so-orderly queue clamoring to buy American-style basketball boots. Anything slightly American, such as jeans, T-shirts, and sandshoes, is in keen demand by teenagers. They even stop tourists and try to buy the clothes off their backs. We saw a great deal of money change hands this way.

For all the claims of price control throughout the country, we found evidence to the contrary. For example, I wanted a fur hat. The ones available in the department store Gum were inferior in quality and more expensive than the one I eventually found in a back-street furrier's. Gum itself looks very like a large railway station.

We made a great many friends of all nationalities in Moscow, and were invited to a party at the camping ground given by some students from Hull University, England.

There were young people from Russia, Africa, from the Lamumba University in Moscow, from England, Australia, France, Germany, Mauritius, and the Sudan. Few could speak each other's language, but everyone enjoyed the food, drinks, music, and dancing. This will always remain one of the most memorable experiences we had.

As we were teachers, we wanted to see a Russian school. This took a lot of patient insistence. Finally, we were shown over a school where everything was conducted in English; all signs and instructions were written in English. Every member of the staff spoke fluent English except the director or head teacher.

In a class of 35 eight-year-olds, we saw learning by rote. There were no pictures on the walls but colorful new textbooks and fountain pens, and pupils sat in double desks in a brown-painted classroom.

We also saw a group of advanced 15-year-olds engaged on a book review of Steinbeck's "The Grapes of Wrath." The students were under the impression that the book was about the U.S. of today.

Leaving Moscow, we drove on past crops of sunflowers, corn, lucerne, marrows, pumpkins, apples, sugar beet, and hay. We saw women standing in water up to their waists tying bunches of thatch, stopped to take a photograph, and were soon surrounded by inquisitive smiling faces. Jean had discovered that one of the women could speak a little German, and while they were talking I dashed back to the van and found a packet of English cigarettes.

I have never seen such eager hands vying for cigarettes, and the grins grew ever bigger, revealing mouths full of silver teeth. Then some drifted off and returned to give us melons, pears, and apples. It was most unexpected and very heartwarming.

The women, all dressed in men's heavy clothing, undid the necks of their suit coats and revealed they were wearing colored necklaces — about the only feminine thing about them.

When we had promised to send them a photo of themselves, they escorted us to our car, along with some men who had now joined us. After they had had a very thorough examination of our van and all it contained, we set off again.

Petrol worries were haunting us. We needed two litres of oil to take with us, and can you imagine trying to explain this in Russian? Petrol stations usually stock only petrol and you have to go to another garage for servicing, another for oil, and another for air.

Kiev is a beautiful city—large, clean, wide streets, trams, trolley buses, and quite a number of cars. Prince Vladimir brought Christianity to this city in 989, and there are many fine churches containing badly restored frescoes, side by side with massive monuments to abortive uprisings and an opera house painted bright red.

The Ukrainian people, who number about the same as the population of France and occupy an area about the same size as that country, are warm-hearted and hospitable. Their capital, Kiev, is certainly the most beautiful city I saw in Russia.

A simple illustration of their kindness was when we stopped in a small village and Merilyn went off to buy bread. She came back with a large group of kindly, curious followers and a free loaf of fresh baked bread. She had been directed to the bakery, escorted to the front of the long queue of locals, and presented with a loaf.

Two policemen stopped us to check our passports and visas—usually the police were content to note our car number—and the time we passed their control point. A police motor-cycle escorted us through Kamehets-Podolski. The only reason I can think of is that it has very large military installations (as well as a lovely old fort, which we would have liked to look at more closely).

It is forbidden to take photographs from the air, or of mountains, rivers, harbors, military or naval installations, or bridges, and quite often when you do decide to photograph something you find someone waving a finger at you and saying, "Nyet, nyet, nyet." In fact, in many respects it is the country of "nyets."

Most people refuse to take the initiative in making a decision. You seem to spend most of your time in Russia waiting for A to ask B, C, D, E, F, and G about some simple request.

Frustrating officialdom and petty regulations

However, the "workers" are totally different. They were always kind and helpful.

We deviated 200 miles to see Odessa. Unfortunately there is no camping ground there for tourists, and hotels in Russia are very expensive — usually $16 a night. The road was shocking, with enormous potholes, a dangerous mound of gravel in the centre, unmade edges with a frightening gutter sometimes 3ft. deep, and occasionally bone-shaking cobbles.

Odessa was rather like a cheap imitation of Vienna. It is a very important port, but many of the wonderful buildings are in acute disrepair.

It is an offence to have a dirty car in the Soviet Union, and, as the car population is small, it is quite easy to police. On our last morning, we started to wash our van. We soon had quite a crowd of curious spectators, and some of the men even came forward and showed us how it should be done!

I enjoyed my trip to Russia, but after three weeks I was becoming very frustrated with the officialdom and petty regulations. I have a very real affection for the ordinary working people there and this probably saved me from complete despair.

It must be remembered that the Soviet Union is a very large country, composed of many ethnic groups, and that we saw only a very small part of it and, therefore, we are not in a position to generalise. However, I was able to discover many things about the people and their country which I could never have found in books.

For instance, the black market is a very real thing, and will continue for as long as the people see things tourists have that are unobtainable in Russia. Every tourist, on whatever budget, will use this, as the official rate of exchange to travellers from outside countries is very bad.

For those intending to go to Russia here are a few points to remember:

- It will not be a holiday — the atmosphere is not relaxed enough — and continual lack of co-operation from tourist agencies is most annoying.
- Hotel accommodation is expensive and service is exceptionally slow.
- Roads are not good. Driving at night should be avoided. There are no white lines to guide you and as the Russians do not have dip switches they turn off their lights when another car approaches. I do not think I need reiterate the petrol problem.
- It would be better not to go at all rather than just fly to Moscow. Although it is a lovely city, it will not give you an appreciation of Russia or Russians.
- Be tactful. Russians do not meet many tourists and will tend to judge Western people, and your country, by how you conduct yourself.

Bearing these points in mind, and using your common sense, you should have a very exciting and different trip.

Be there in hours!
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Smiling people, palm-fringed beaches, lazy blue lagoons, fabulous food, duty free shopping . . . all welcome you to friendly Fiji — only hours away by air, a few sunny days by sea!

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See the native dances. Take part in the age-old ceremonies. Share a traditional "kava" bowl of welcome with your new-found Fiji friends. You'll never stop being fascinated by Fiji. And by the Fijians.

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HERE'S HOW YOU FIND IT! Ask your Travel Agent for further information — or mail this coupon to RUSS GRIBBLE, FIJI VISITORS BUREAU, 38-40 Martin Place, Sydney, N.S.W.

I am looking forward to my Fiji holiday. Please tell me more about things to see, things to do in Fiji.

MY NAME .....

MY ADDRESS .....

.....

.....

fiji

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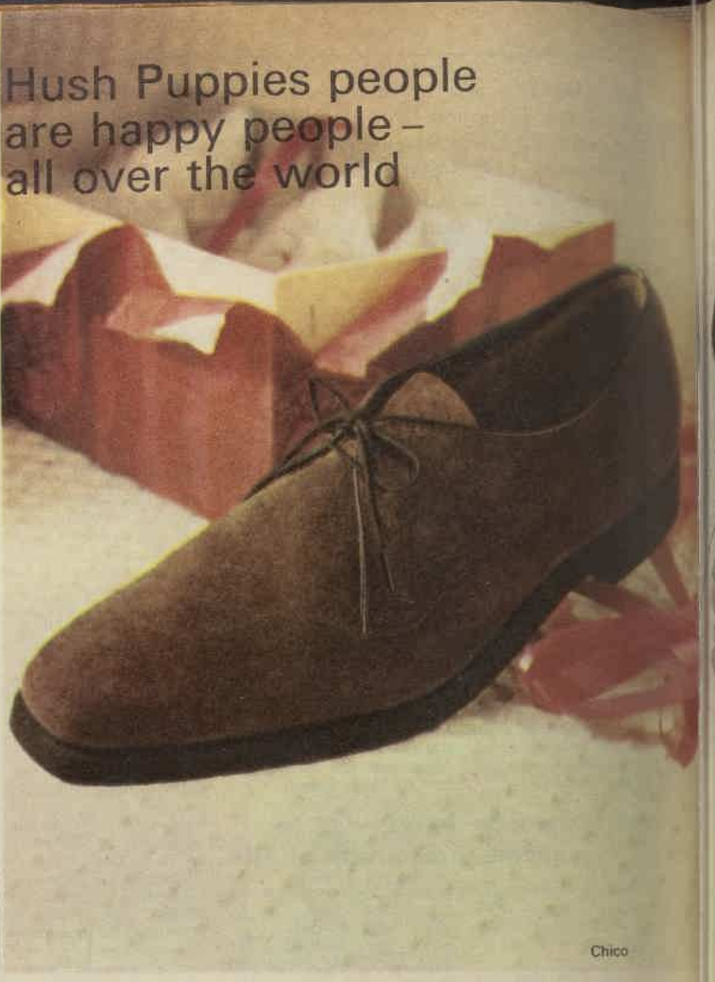

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If he's really appreciated, give him Hush Puppies and let him know it. The light-as-air casuals made for happy times. Light 'n' breezy on feet, Hush Puppies are the easiest care shoes in the world — simply shrug off water and dirt. So comfortable he'll hardly know he's wearing them. Choose Hush Puppies in breathin' brushed pigskin or smooth glove leather. In fresh, new, lighthearted styles. From $9.00 (slightly less in South Australia).

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A WORLD OF STRANGERS

Anxiously Howard and Austin watched Jane's reaction as the children ran to meet her.

LISTENING to a voice beside her, JANE WALLCUTT is vaguely aware it belongs to DR. STIRES and he is trying to make her remember who she is and what happened to her before she was placed in his private hospital, where the other patients all seem to be mentally upset. Later, sitting in a wheelchair in the garden she realises the daily paper is dated five months ahead of what she thought it to be. The gardener, KIRK TYNER, confirms the date and this forces her to relinquish her shadowy world and try to orientate herself.

Dr. Stires then tells her she was in a fire when her fiance, AUSTIN BERQUIST, had taken her to a theatre. As well as extensive burns and injuries, she had suffered from amnesia as a result of a fall when the building had collapsed. Austin had recovered quickly, and had been visiting her since her guardian, HOWARD CHALMERS, a friend of her deceased parents, had placed her under Dr. Stires' care. None of this means much to Jane, who is still confused. But she is sure there was something she had started to do before the fire, and when she learns the governor had been assassinated the same day as the fire, it disturbs her greatly.

In the garden one day, a stranger warns her he has someone watching her. Another day a bullet just misses her, but when she tries to retrieve it, BONNIE, another patient, runs off with it. That night she wakens to hear a voice telling her she must not remember anything before the fire or something worse will happen to her. Her nurse, ZEE, hears the voice also, but the next morning she is missing.

Later her guardian visits her and Jane learns she is an heiress to millions. Then Austin takes her to dinner with some old friends whom she cannot remember. A few days later, in the garden, Jane again sees the stranger who had warned her. She is terrified when he says he is going to take her for a drive, but just then another car comes roaring up the driveway. NOW READ ON:

THE car stopped on the driveway and out jumped a tall, red-haired girl with a homely face. Without hesitation she started straight toward them. "Jane Wallcutt!"

The small man's seething frustration almost charred Jane. "Watch your step," he muttered.

"How marvellous you look! How do you feel? I've been wanting to come for ages, but I was told you weren't ready. Do you recognise me? No, of course you don't. Austin's kept me posted about your progress. He said you were much better but that you still can't remember anything. I'm Gladys Valentine. We worked at the settlement house together — only I got paid. I was so happy to hear you could have visitors. I came—"

"We're just takin' Jane for a ride, miss," the little man said politely.

"Oh, no! You can't. I spent two and a half hours getting up here. I'm sure Jane can go for a ride another time." She snapped her purse open and brought out a small, gift-wrapped box. "Austin told me to give this to you, since he can't come next week. It's in the nature of a peace offering. Jane, I've got so much to tell you. You won't recognise the old settlement house when you see it again. They've added a wing and painted the outside." As she chatted she began wheeling Jane's chair toward the main house.

"All right, Jane," the small man said genially. "No ride today. I'll tell my friends to keep an eye on you while I'm away." He smiled, bowed again to Gladys, and walked off to the car. It roared off.

Jane leaned back, shutting her eyes. If Gladys Valentine hadn't arrived when she had . . . She opened her eyes. The tall, red-haired girl was watching her. "Who was that? Are you tired?"

She took a deep breath. "That was a friend of my family's," she said. She turned away and stared at the peaceful fields stretching toward the horizon.

To page 47

Concluding our two-part serial by MILDRED DAVIS

Summer has Dominex in stitches

Welted stitches – strongly stating the easy lines of this little summer natural. Crisp as iced lettuce in superb Irish linen . . . sleeves cropped for coolness – for about $25.00

dominex

MUSCULAR ACHES

By the time you've read this advertisement your pain could be GOING!

Read how a lumbago sufferer got "near miraculous" relief from Mentholatum "Deep Heat" Rub . . .

"Dear Sir,

After the near miraculous results this week-end I felt I had to write to you to express my gratitude for such a wonderful product.

I had a severe attack of Lumbago, so bad that Saturday morning it took me thirty minutes just to get out of bed. The simplest of movements such as a cough, or even a deep breath brought on excruciating spasms of pain.

I walked about for hours, unable to sit because of the agony involved in getting up again. A friend called and suggested Deep Heat rub. As the shops were shut by then he kindly went home and brought me his own tube. As I stated, the results were little short of miraculous.

I still have a soreness in the base of the spine, but today I have done about five hours work of lifting, bending, stretching without one grab of pain. I thought I would have been off work for a week, but thanks to your Deep Heat, I can carry out my normal duties. A truly wonderful product.

Yours sincerely,
(Sgd.) *J. Richmond, Hawthorn.*

"DEEP HEAT" RELIEVES ALL MUSCULAR ACHES AND PAINS

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● *The dainty blue flowers of Campanula poscharskyana make a beguiling display above the compact mat of the plant's dense foliage. It is an attractive cover plant which will grow in shade. This one was photgraphed in Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Sutton's garden at Burradoo, N.S.W.*

Ground-cover plants

● **Plants used as ground covers are attractive and are labor-saving once established.**

A GROUND cover is any permanent plant which effectively covers the ground. Lawn grass is one, excellent under the right conditions. Few other cover plants stand traffic so well.

Other cover plants used effectively where grass doesn't grow well, such as under trees, in dense shade, or in shallow, stony ground:

By ALLAN SEALE

IVY: Ivy is undoubtedly the most adaptable, in full sun, or in dense shade where few other plants survive. Most varieties are more luxuriant with protection from hot sun. Very little depth of soil is needed.

Ivy is excellent to cover the soil under shrubs and trees where there are wide variations in light. Once established, it withstands dryness well. It is useful to cover and retain small drifts of soil between boulders, and makes a decorative surround to stepping stones

Ivy will retain embankments, binding the soil with the roots from its trailers. On big embankments, prevent washing or erosion before the ivy is established by covering the bank with straw, then laying wire netting over it, held by pegs or thin metal stakes driven in deeply. By the time the straw rots the ivy should be well established.

Varieties of ivy (Hedera). **Hedera helix,** the English ivy, makes a dense, dark green ground cover. It climbs readily, an advantage when covering high embankments, but needs occasional attention to keep it low in shrubberies. **H. cristata** or **parsley ivy** is a vigorous form of H. helix, with a ruffled, crested edge on younger foliage.

H. helix Weber's Californian ivy is a bright green variety, with heavily branched, short trails which give it a dense, prostrate character, one of the best. It is inclined to spill over rather than climb.

H. helix Pittsburgh. Thinner, more angular foliage than Californian ivy and less bushy, but attractive.

H. helix pedata has a wandering habit, more deeply cut foliage than Pittsburgh. Slow to make a dense mat.

H. canariensis variegata. One of the most spectacular of the variegated forms. It needs to be pinched back to encourage mat formation. Prefers more warmth than other helix species.

There are smaller-foliaged variegata types such as **H. helix glacier, golddust, goldheart, and williamsiana,** interesting for small areas, but slower to establish.

Propagate ivy from leafy stems cut into sections 4 to 6in. long. Set them obliquely in rows, herringbone style, with about 2in. of stem covered by soil. Moist, sandy loam or a mixture of 2-3rd sand and 1-3rd peatmoss is best. Set them about 2in. apart. When established, transplant to about 1ft. apart.

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● *Pebbles and a green mat of lemon - scented thyme (right) give lush ground cover to this garden bed. The tuft of blue grass is Festuca glauca, yellow flowers are golden violas. This picture and one below taken by staff photographer Ron Berg in Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Read's garden, Werrington, Bowral, N.S.W.*

● *Silene maritima (left) is a tough perennial which will easily spread into a dense cover plant and stands heat well. The inflated calyx of its small flowers gives rise to S. maritima's common name — bladder plant.*

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

AJUGA: Ajuga grows in sun or shade, tolerates periods of dryness, and does not object to wet, sedgy soil. **A. metallica** is popular. In exposed positions, rosetted foliage is bronze green, deepening to dark purple bronze; 4in. spikes rich blue flower, winter/spring.

Surface runners spread the plants to make a dense mass. Remove old woody clumps every few years, replant runners preferably winter or early spring.

CERASTIUM TOMENTOSUM: A small foliage, silver grey carpet for well-drained sunny positions. Under good conditions it spreads rapidly, but is easily restrained. Old clumps may need replanting after two years. It re-establishes quickly. Take root pieces from the outer section of the plant.

FRAGARIA DALTONIANA (wild strawberry): An attractive plant with softer, more upright foliage than cultivated strawberries; yellow flowers; small, bright red, watery fruits. Under shade of trees or in open sun. Spreads rapidly

LAMIUM SCANDENS (variegated dead nettle): Trailing plant with green-margined silver, egg-shaped foliage, salvia-like flowers in summer. Sun or shade. Spreads quickly during warm, moist conditions. Frost-tender.

ARTIMISIA NITIDA: A mat of silver fern-like foliage, best in fairly dry position with at least half sun. Propagate from outer pieces, which make light root growth where they lie on the ground.

SAXIFRAGA SARMENTOSA (mother of millions): Small, scalloped, rounded, felt-like leaves with lighter green veining. Tiny white flowers on a filament of fine stems. Tiny plantlets are carried in pink, thread-like runners. Best in moist soil in partially shaded areas.

SCHIZOCENTRON ROSEA (previously know as **heeria**): A mat of pink stems carrying minute foliage and 10-cent sized rosy purple flowers, late spring and early summer. Also useful for dry walls. Best in part shade, with frost protection.

NEPETA HEDERACEA: Quick-covering low carpet; rounded, scalloped foliage, spikes of lavender-blue flowers spring. Prefers part shade, well drained.

VIOLA HEDERACEA: Has similar foliage, but is lighter green, with small heliotrope and white violets most of the year. Spreads rapidly in moist, partly shaded position. An Australian native.

PLECTRANTHUS GILIATUM: Soft stemmed, with slightly hairy, deeply veined 3in. long oval leaves dark green above and purple beneath. Spikes of pale mauve flowers late summer. About 12in. tall under good conditions. Best in part shade. Needs frost protection.

DIANTHUS NEGLECTUS: A small-foliaged pink with dense, compact growth and spreading habit. Plants 1ft. apart would make a continuous mat. Dainty, single pink flowers on short stems in late spring. Suitable for sunny embankments or other well-drained positions. Set cuttings of outer growth autumn or winter.

SEDUMS: There are several which make attractive ground covers for fairly sunny, well-drained positions. They have fleshy foliage which should be kept clear of trafficways. These include S. **guatemalense** with bright green, jelly-bean-like foliage turning red and copper in sun. Especially bright in winter. S. **griseum** has thinner, more grass-like, grey-green foliage. Both need good drainage. Interesting effects can be achieved by alternating these in drifts or using S. **guatemalense** with artemesia, cerastium, purple-grey sedum sieboldi, or thyme.

THYMUS (thyme): These are hardy in well-drained, gritty, fairly open soil, in full sun or part shade. A number are suitable for ground cover planting. They include prostrate **T. herba-barona** (caraway-scented thyme) with lilac flowers; **T. nitidus,** with bright green foliage; and a number of varieties of **T. Serpyllum.**

ESTABLISHING GROUND COVERS

Once ground covers are established they should choke out most weed growth.

Unless you are buying your full requirements as well-established plants, set cuttings closely under seedbed conditions, transplant after a good root system is formed. Prepare final site in advance so weed seeds will germinate and be destroyed before planting.

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Cut out and paste in an exercise book

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RECENT WEDDINGS

MR. AND MRS. LINDSAY WOLFE at their wedding reception following their marriage at Saint Paul's Church, Nedlands, Perth, with their attendants (at left) Mr. Neil Patterson and the groom's cousin, Miss Jan Stevens, and (at right) Mr. Ray Dawson and Miss Deirdre Edwards. The bride was Miss Margaret Bremner, daughter of Mrs. and Mrs. J. A. Bremner, of Dalkeith.

MR. AND MRS. MAXWELL RYAN signing the register at St. John's Church, Camden, New South Wales. The bride was Miss Robyn Watson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. V. H. Watson, of Camden, and the bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. B. Ryan, of Albury. After the wedding the bridal party drove to Sydney for the reception at Amory, Ashfield. Photograph by Monte Luke, Sydney.

LIEUT. AND MRS. WILLIAM HERON after their wedding at the Mary Immaculate Church, Annerley, Brisbane. The bride, formerly Miss Ann Johnston, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Johnston, of Moorooka, Queensland. The bridegroom, who is based with the R.A.A.F. at Amberley, is the son of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Heron, of Melbourne. A reception was held at Wangaratta Gardens.

MR. AND MRS. RICHARD PRINGLE-JONES leaving St. Stephen's Church, Sandy Bay, Tasmania, after their marriage. The bride, formerly Miss Jennifer Thomas, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. D. Thomas, of Sandy bay was attended by four bridesmaids—her sister, Birgitta, Miss Susan Sweetingham, Miss Helen Murray, and Miss Marian Siddall. The groom is the son of Mrs. F. N. Pringle and the late Mr. Basil Jones.

MR. AND MRS. JONATHAN DAVIES after their wedding at St. Paul's Church of England, Ashgrove, Brisbane. The bride, a pharmacist, was formerly Miss Helen Ferry, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Ferry, of Kenmore. The bridegroom, who is a fifth year medical student, is the son of Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Davies, of Ashgrove. The newlyweds will spend their honeymoon at Perisher Valley in New South Wales.

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CASUAL GEAR FOR SUNNY DAYS

● *Short sleeveless printed dress to spice a summer wardrobe has its own wrap-around visor-fitted head-piece in matching material.*

● *Up - to - the - minute version of the printed two-piece culotte (left) with contrast binding. The longish, sleeveless top is young and very fetching.*

● *Go-to-town stripes in a red-and-white two-piece (right). The fabric is linen, used with a fine eye for fashion contrast. The short top buttons at the back.*

● *One-piece look (right) in a simple cool culotte of floral-printed cotton. It's knee-length, with contrast braiding repeated at the scooped neckline.*

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● Color is cool and bright, shapes are slick and easy in these newsy young fashions for every kind of casual occasion on your sunshine calendar. Trouser suits are still a big part of the summer fashion scene, and the culotte in all its forms is definitely 'with it.'

● *Two - piece American pants-suit (left) in colorful print links belled pants with a collared, short-sleeved top. The effect is trim.*

● *Gingham hits its stride (right) in a youthful burst of checks. Note the new pants length and self drawstring tie.*

● *Nautical look for summer in a snappy boy-tailored suit with the look of today's modern youth. The double - breasted striped jacket in the new length tops lean pants.*

● *"Young Happening" co-ordinates in a tiny paisley print on black include a half slip which hides its own panty and detachable garters.*

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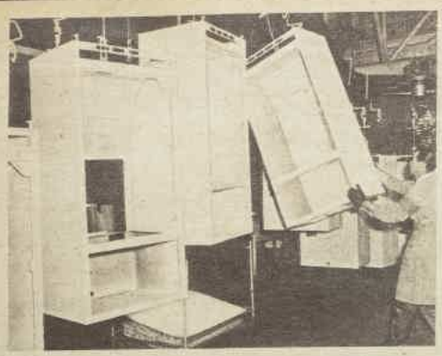
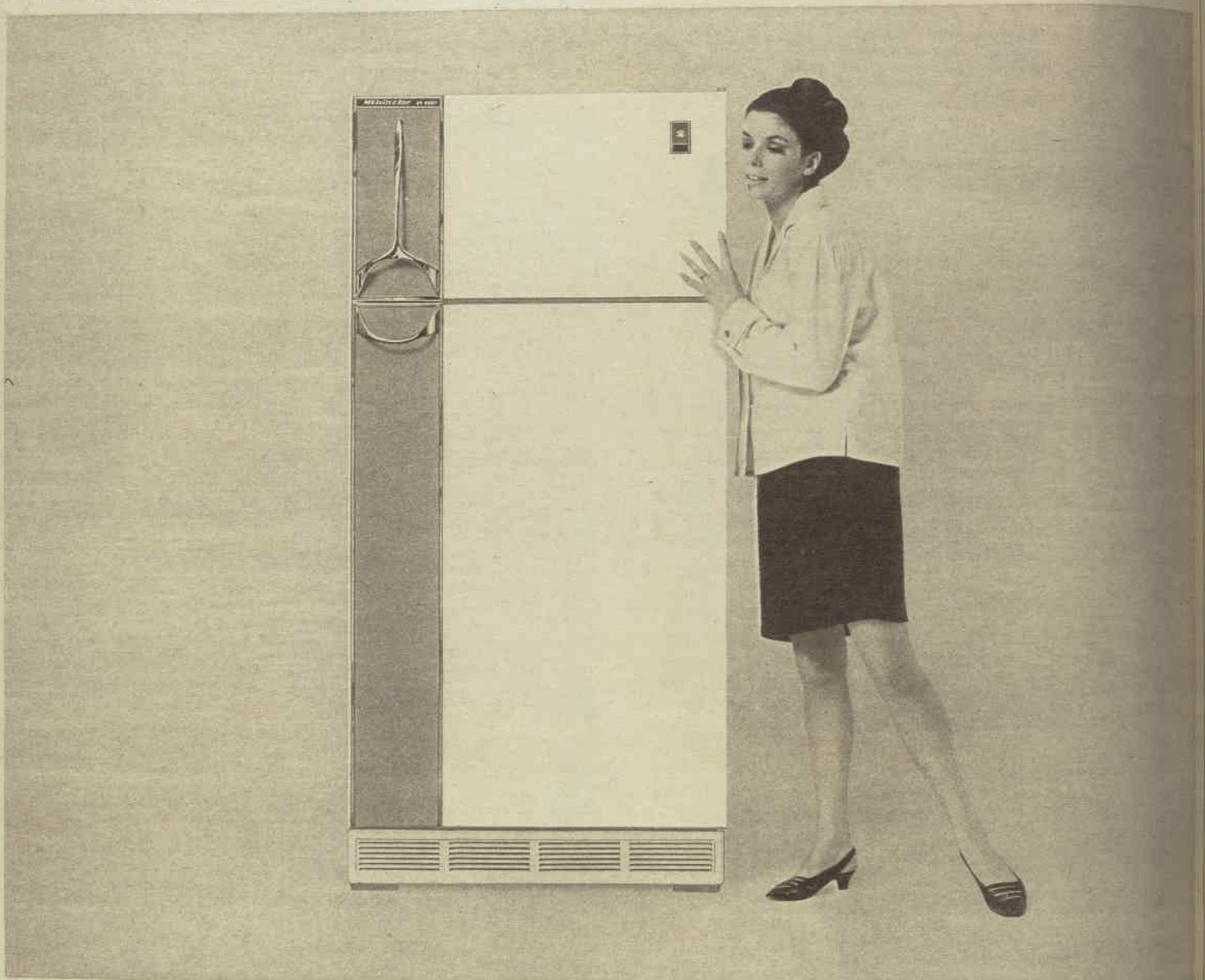


"Bake twice" It's a standard Kelvinator recipe.



Our customers like their enamel thick and glossy.

Take a good close look at a Kelvinator refrigerator. Run your hand across the cabinet. Smooth? That's double baking for you. Two good thick coats of enamel, each baked separately, gives you the finest finish you'll ever see (or feel!) on a refrigerator. A finish that cannot rust. Cleans and comes up showroom bright every time you wipe it over. Now look at the door handles. Instead of two coats of chrome, which would satisfy most people, we give our handles three. Just to be sure. Then, if you look very hard, you'll see a small enamel mark in each corner of the cabinet. It lets the enamel "breathe" so there's no chance at all of cracking.

We've learned a lot in just over 30 years making refrigerators. And today's Kelvinator is the finest made. Insist on Kelvinator and you'll have a top-performing refrigerator that will still look and run like new, many years from now.

JOIN THE HAPPY ONES

KELVINATOR '67

BIGGEST SELLING REFRIGERATOR BRAND

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NON COMPOST MENTIS

BY JOHN MOORE

YES, they do look a bit like graves, don't they? Each of the mounds is six feet long and four feet wide exactly. Aunt Effie told me that was the size the experts recommended. She put 'em side by side for tidiness' sake, I suppose; but don't they make a depressing view from the sitting-room window? There were twenty-five of them when I took over the property. I've levelled off twenty-one. Twenty-one and a quarter, to be precise. The next owner can damn well finish . . .

Oh. You think I ought to make a job of it before we offer the place for sale? Take that armchair, then — it was Aunt Effie's favorite — and please don't interrupt me for the next ten minutes. Then we'll see if you want me to complete the — excavations. After all, you were Aunt Effie's lawyer.

So you must have known about her little eccentricities. That's all they were, until about five years ago. How shall we describe them? An over enthusiasm for causes? And while the enthusiasm lasted, the Cause was the only thing in the world for her. You'll remember when she was a British Israelite, how she never gave us any peace about the Pyramids; and how she libelled that doctor when she was an Anti-Vaccinationist; and the trouble she got into at the rally of Mosley's Blackshirts in 1938. You were always getting her out of scrapes, I'm sure.

Do you know, when I was going through her papers last Sunday, I began to count up the various organisations she was Vice-President of. There were more than fifty! The ones that stick in my mind are the Society for Improving the Condition of the Laboring Classes, the Society for the Protection of Animals in North Africa, and the Society for the Overseas Settlement of British Women — ever since Sunday I've been wondering where and why.

I doubt if Aunt Effie ever refused to join anything. She subscribed to the British Field Sports Society because she favored traditional country pastimes, and to the League Against Cruel Sports because she was sorry for the fox. In 1945, just before the Election, she gave ten guineas to each of the three political parties: to the Conservatives in gratitude for Winston Churchill, to the Liberals because they seemed down and out, to the Socialists because her favorite nephew was standing as a Labor candidate. That was me.

All this was mere eccentricity, wasn't it, and rather charming, too. I used to dine out on that political story. One thought of Aunt Effie's little ways as quaint and endearing until — let's see, it was in 1953 — she began to go in for compost. You wouldn't think it possible to work oneself up into a state of crusading zeal about rotting vegetation; but before long, as you know, Aunt Effie was possessed by compost, she was monomaniac about compost, she was convinced that all the physical and spiritual ills of the age were due to the use of artificial manure, and she'd discovered the Cause above all Causes which she'd been looking for all her life.

See those pamphlets on the table? *Good Health and Humus; Earthworms versus Chemicals; You Are Being Slowly Poisoned.* Aunt Effie wrote those, and had them published at her own expense. When you come to think of it, this Cause, if you can call it one, was bound to make a special appeal to her, because it was contrary to scientific teaching (and she was cussedly against dogma always), it was concerned with health (hers was beginning to worry her), and it seemed to offer a recipe for a longer life (which at seventy-four she felt much in need of).

Above all it held out the temptation of trying to reform the whole world irrespective of race, nation, color, and creed, a chance which she'd been seeking since she was twenty. She must stop people poisoning themselves or being poisoned! When I was Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Agriculture she wrote me about ten thousand words a week to prove how the wicked farmers were murdering us all by putting phosphates and potash and nitro-chalk on the land.

And, as if I didn't hear enough talk in the House, she'd lecture me for hours whenever I came down for a week-end. I visited her quite often, for I was fond of the old lady in a way — at least I had a kind of reluctant respect for her. I wonder who invented the fiction that Edwardian maidens were frail, timid, and liable to swoon at the least alarm? That generation produced some of the toughest females in the history of our race, not forgetting Boadicea.

"I bit my first policeman," Aunt Effie used to say, "upon my twenty-first birthday." She was a militant Suffragette, of course; and, oddly enough, for a well-brought-up young woman, and an Honorable at that, to bite a bobby's biceps through his serge tunic was scarcely news in 1905. Mrs. Pankhurst's girls were always doing it; and since those female commandos were the companions of her youth, it is not surprising that Aunt Effie regarded *our* generation as a namby-pamby lot.

"Spiritless," she'd say. "Soft. And no wonder, when almost everything a person eats nowadays is contaminated with those damnable, stomach-rotting, brain-destroying chemicals . . . For my part," she would add, "I am thankful I had the good fortune to be born when I was and to have been brought up on good, honest muck." She was never ladylike, by our prim, modern standards. "*Muck*, my lad!" She would shake a finger at me. "The whole trouble with the world today is that *motor-cars don't make manure.*"

Then she would start talking about the dog-carts, gigs, traps, hansoms, broughams, and carriages of her youth; but if she sounded wistful, this was not, I assure you, due to a sentimental feeling about horses, which creatures she had loathed ever since her early encounters with mounted policemen.

No, she was thinking of her cabbages and onions and cauliflowers, and the good which all those horses might have done them! Alas, the only hoofs she ever heard nowadays were those of the milkman's pony; and though from time to time she would dash out into the lane with a shovel and a bucket, the pony's contribution to her vegetable garden was meagre, indeed.

Of all Aunt Effie's eccentricities her mania for collecting fertiliser proved to be the most embarrassing to her nephew

For the most part she had to rely upon her compost-heap, made of lawn-mowings, hedge-trimmings, leaf-sweepings, and what not. But one heap six feet by four was quite inadequate for her needs; before long she had five, all in a row. At the head of each was a little wooden board nailed crosswise on a peg, on which she'd inscribed a date: *Started January 10.h, 1953*, and so on.

It takes a vast amount of vegetation, I'm told, to make even a small heap of compost. Aunt Effie was always complaining that she could never lay hands on enough. She went forth every day with basket and secateurs, and with that abominable pekingese dog snuffling on the lead behind her, seeking suitable material in the lanes and hedgerows. The basket proved too small, so she took to carrying a sack; then two sacks; then three sacks, which she loaded into a rubber-tyred handcart.

At what point does the eccentricity of one's elderly relatives cease to be something one boasts about? For that matter, at what point does eccentricity merge into madness? I daresay even the law has a job to decide that sometimes. Take the case of my Aunt's pekingese. The poor asthmatic creature died of exhaustion one very hot day, and I must say it shocked me when she told me she'd put *him* on the compost-heap. And yet it was logical enough; for, as she pointed out, he had to be buried somewhere.

So did the hens.

Those moping, miserable white wyandottes were dying off unaccountably when I spent a few days here in 1954. Their breastbones were nearly through the skin; and looking back, I'm inclined to think Aunt Effie *starved them to death*, not deliberately, but because she could no longer bring herself to part with any household scraps which might conceivably be turned into compost. At the time I supposed that some disease was killing them.

"That's bad luck," I remember saying to Aunt Effie, when I met her carrying two scrag-necked corpses down the garden path. But she swung them almost jauntily, and there was a glint in her eye which I found most disturbing as she answered: "Never mind, never mind. They'll go back where they came from."

"Where they came from?"

"In to the good ground, my lad: where you and I came from and where we'll go back to one of these days, to turn ourselves into green grass for the cows that'll give milk to the next generation."

As she marched off down the path toward the compost-heaps she glanced back over her shoulder and said: "Feathers contain more nitrogen than anything else, they say."

I began to wonder, then, whether she was quite . . .

Yes, 1954. You had the same doubts? She wanted to leave all her money to some Anti-Chemical-Fertiliser Society? And you dissuaded her? Thank you very much.

It was that autumn she decided to grow her own corn.

She'd been troubled for a long time in case the bread she bought from the baker were made of flour ground from wheat which had been fertilised and dressed with "poisons." I had given her the address of one of those firms which supply wholemeal flour from corn grown on compost specially for the benefit of crackpots like Aunt E; but that wasn't any use. "Aha, that's what they tell you," said Aunt Effie. "That's what they advertise in the papers. But how do we know that they are telling the truth?" — and her sly look, almost as if she'd scored off me, gave me another moment of dismay.

"I've arranged to plough up the paddock," she said.

It is astonishing what the determination of an old lady can achieve. She hired a man with a tractor, who ploughed the four-acre field behind her house. In due course she broadcast the seed, and the following summer she harvested it personally with a billhook, thrashed it with a flail she'd bought from an antique-dealer, ground it with an ancient quern, and set her long-suffering old maidservant, Patience, to knead the flour into dough and bake it in a special oven which the builder had put in for her. Patience had put up with Aunt Effie for forty years; but at last it seemed she had become exhausted, for the next time I visited Aunt Effie, I found her baking the bread herself.

"Patience has gone," she said, and I wasn't altogether surprised. The kitchen, on that July day, was as hot as a bakery; the bread, which Aunt Effie gave me for tea, was the color of porridge and the consistency of very stiff porridge. It was full of gritty bits which stuck in my teeth. "Health-giving food grown on uncontaminated soil," Aunt Effie smiled, "aerated by God's creatures, the worms."

It was the soil she meant, of course, not the bread.

But the cornfield, she explained to me, demanded more compost even than the vegetable garden had done. She was buying sawdust now from a timber mill nearby—it rotted excellently — and she was putting all her old newspapers on the heaps, and her old clothes, and blankets, anything cotton or wool, anything organic — nylon wasn't any good. "I put a pair of old stockings on one of the heaps and six months later they were still there; they don't rot, you see."

Monomania is terrifying, isn't it? Here was Aunt Effie, brisk, efficient, rather gay as it happened, as rational as you and I are — on any subject other than compost; and yet she was possessed.

Her budgerigar had just died, she told me. "Never mind, he'll soon be pushing up the wheat-stalks."

It was then that I thought it time for you and me to have a talk together. I called at your office, you remember, but you'd gone home. I had to get back to London, and there were long sittings over the Finance Bill, and in the hurly-burly I forgot about Aunt E. until you rang me up to say that she had died.

Well, she asked for it, didn't she? Apparently she'd just bought a patent scythe, and although the weather was very hot she was trying it out on the nettles round the edge of her cornfield. More material for the compost-heaps, I suppose! She was seventy-nine, and doubtless the effort was too much for her old heart.

Poor old lady. I couldn't help being touched that she should have left me the house, and all her money as well; after all, she might have left it to the Society for the Protection of Animals in North Africa. It's a pleasant old house; and, as you know, I had almost decided to settle here permanently.

I went so far as to make a start toward getting the garden tidy. I couldn't get any help for love or money; so I sweated away with a shovel and a wheelbarrow, levelling off those heaps. It was good exercise for me — I don't get much when the House is sitting. But I didn't enjoy it, even at the beginning. The very sight of the mounds depressed me; they looked as if they were just waiting for the tombstones to make the picture complete. And that dripping shrubbery behind with its dark hollies, and more hummocks where the herbaceous border should have been, and everywhere an autumn smell of mould and decay!

But about those compost-heaps. I tried to do one every afternoon. They don't look very big, but I reckon there's about ten tons of soil in each of them. It's a slow job, but I worked my way along the row steadily, beginning with the oldest, which of course are the ones which are most rotted down.

Even without the inscriptions on the boards I could almost date them by the skeletons — those white wyandottes, you know, and Chiang Kai-shek, the pekingese. Like a geologist dating strata by the fossils! I became quite good at comparative anatomy. In the next heap to Chiang Kai-shek's I found another skeleton, which reminded me that it was a year or so since I'd seen Sir Oswald Mosley, Aunt Effie's marmalade cat.

He was in the twenty-first compost-heap. I started on the twenty-second . . .

I wonder whether you'd like to come out and have a look? Well, I think you'll have to. You were Aunt Effie's lawyer, and you've been acting for me, and I particularly don't want to be involved in anything unpleasant. I believe I may be going to the House of Lords shortly. Keep it under your hat, though.

Come along then. It may turn out to be quite explicable and ordinary. I expect we'll be having a good laugh about it in a few minutes' time. It's just that my spade — er — exposed the toe of a nylon stocking. Nylon doesn't rot, you know. Well, yes, it looks to me as if there might be something inside it. And it has occurred to me that Aunt Effie didn't say, "Patience has left." She said, "Patience has gone."

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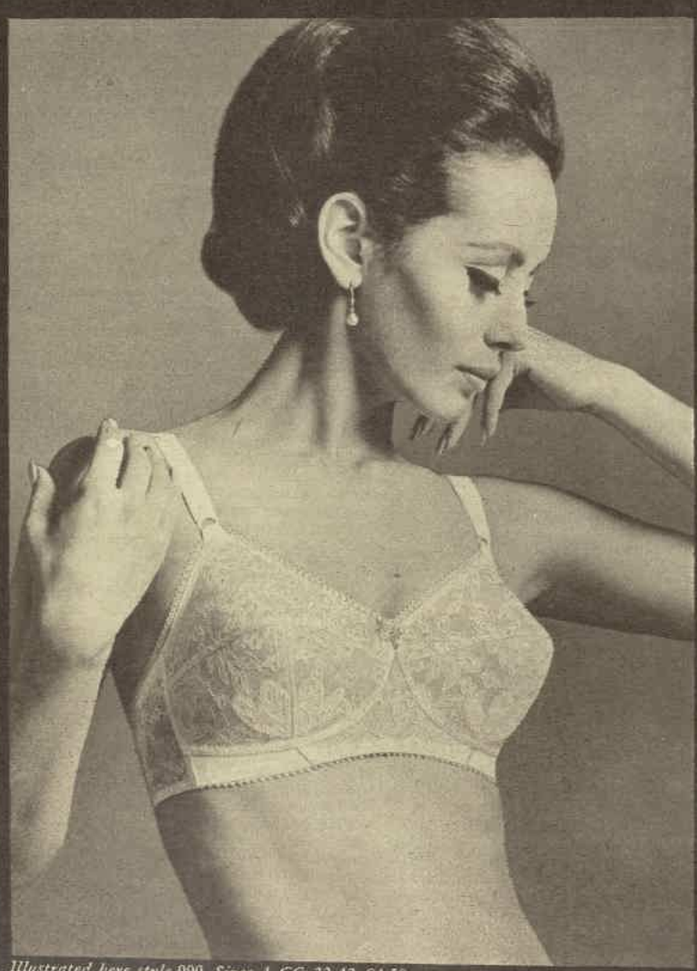
Don't be a misfit.



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Dining area (left) can be separated from living-room by folding doors. These two rooms are carpeted. A dividing tiled traffic way leads left to children's bedroom and right to kitchen and parents' bedroom.

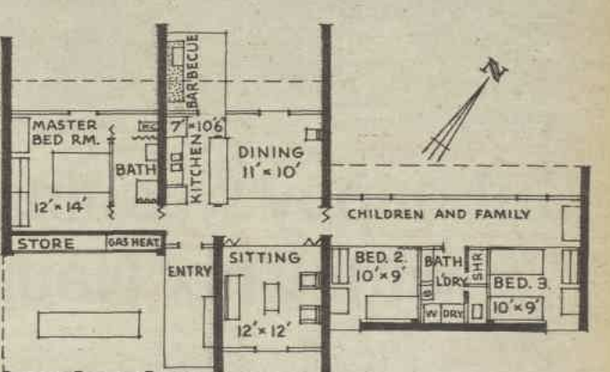
Story by
Beverley Cooper
Pictures by
Michael Coyne

All rooms have floor-to-ceiling-height doors opening on to a grassy courtyard (below). Tall brick walls separate courtyards off parents' bedroom (far right) and living area (centre) from children's play area — which is directly outside their bedroom.

HOUSE of the WEEK

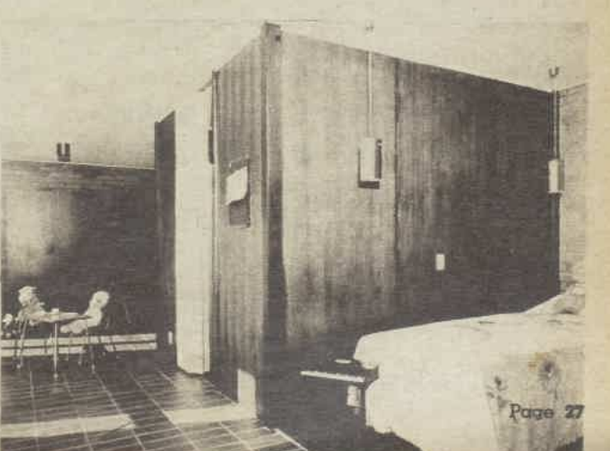
SECOND-PRIZE WINNER IN A SMALL-HOMES COMPETITION

● Designed by architect David Dalrymple, with family living in mind, this gas-project house built on an estate at Frankston, Vic., won second prize in a competition sponsored by the small-homes service of the Royal Victorian Institute of Architects and the Gas and Fuel Corporation of Victoria. Competitors were asked to keep the basic cost of their designs under $10,000. Children's and parents' bedrooms are at opposite ends of the house, separated by folding doors from the kitchen and living area. All three sections have floor-to-ceiling-height french windows opening on to adjacent courtyards which are divided by tall brick walls, so parents' activities can be separated from the children's play area. The house is built of putty-colored bricks, which have been left exposed to form the inside walls, reducing the need for maintenance. With this idea also in mind, heavy traffic areas are covered with terracotta tiles. There is a wide range of gas appliances, including a refrigerator, cooker, hot-water service, central-heating unit, and laundry dryer.



Overhanging cupboards and drawers in kitchen bar (left) open also from dining-room on other side. Floor has terracotta tiles for easy maintenance. Door leads to courtyard and barbecue.

Children's bedroom (right) is divided into two, with a bathroom in between. The play area has been tiled for easy maintenance.



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Advertisement

Prevent Wrinkles Under the Eyes

The lines round your eyes are soon smoothed away by using vitalizing cream every night. Gently circle the cream, coaxing it into the dry lines to impart milky smoothness to the skin. Press the nourishment along the deeper expression lines seven times in an outward and upward direction with the fingertips, then smooth over the face and neck to enable the Ulan vitalizing night cream to bring youth to the complexion. As you sleep, your complexion is nurtured to smooth, silken loveliness as never before.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 623—FROCK

Attractive frock is available cut out to make in turquoise with white spot, white with navy spot, and navy with white spot cotton pique. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, $6.55; 36 and 38in. bust, $6.75; 40in. bust, $6.95. Postage and dispatch 30 cents extra.

No. 624—LUNCHEON SET

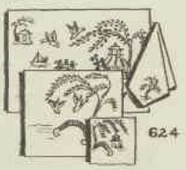
Pretty luncheon set is available traced ready to embroider on white, cream, pink, blue, or green pure Irish linen. Centre mats, 45 cents each; placemats, 40 cents each; napkins 25 cents each, plus 5 cents postage and dispatch on each article.

No. 625—MATERNITY SMOCK

Checked maternity smock is available cut out to make in lemon/blue/pink, aqua/pink/blue, or lemon/turquoise/pink. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, $3.15; 36 and 38in. bust, $3.35. Postage and dispatch 20 cents extra.

● *Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Frocks, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney 2001. No C.O.D. orders.*

623



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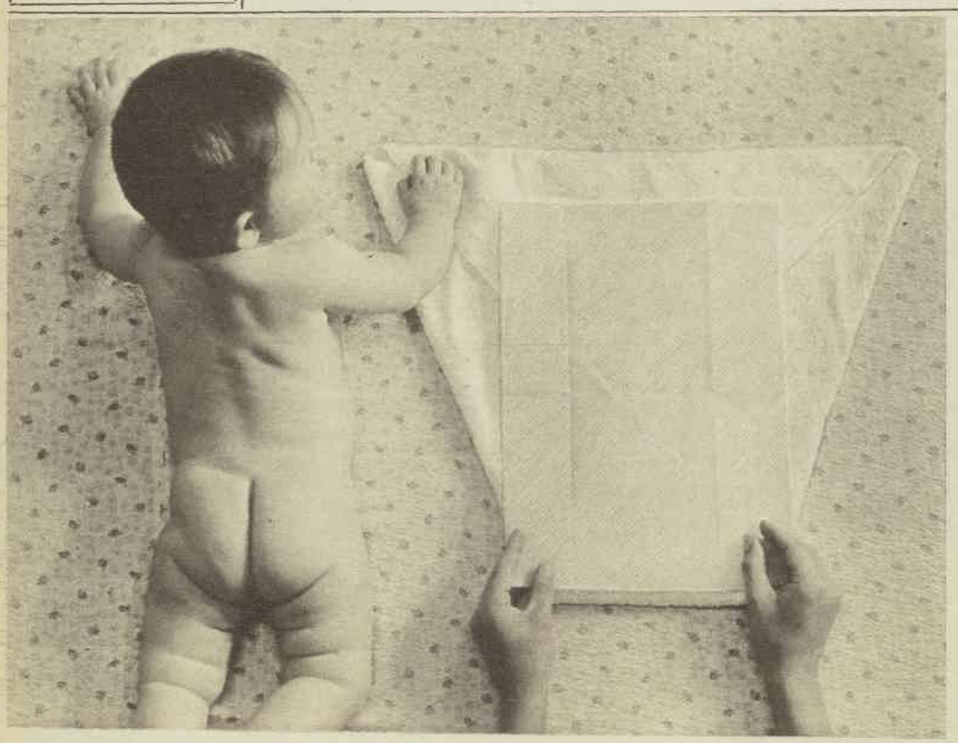

Cut nappy washing time in half with Chix* Nappy Liners

(costs about 1 cent a change)

■ Only the liner gets soiled—not the nappy ■ They're made of soft fabric—not paper ■ Medicated too, to help prevent nappy rash. Blue lines contain Hexachlorophene.

Johnson & Johnson

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Queenslander recalls

"THEY

● How brave they were, our father and mother, with three little children and another baby on the way, to leave Scotland and face a voyage of five months in a sailing boat—in 1883.

OUR mother spent most of those five months in bed, so ill with seasickness it was a marvel she survived to have her baby.

They arrived in October, 1883, berthed at Pinkenba, near Brisbane, and were brought up the river to Kangaroo Point to the immigrant hostel.

Father was registered as a ploughman and started work next day on a cane plantation at Yatala.

They travelled by Cobb and Co. and were housed in a slab house. They had left a comfortable home and good work for this, carried away by the talk of Australia as a land of milk and honey, where money grew on trees.

They found it very different, with heat, flies, mosquitoes, but they must have had big hearts and made the best of it.

They were there a month when Jessie was born. Dad went off to Beenleigh to get a nurse, lost his way, and when he got home with the nurse the baby had been delivered by the foreman's wife.

Mother used to tell us how terrified she was of the blacks. All the labor on the cane farm was done by natives from the Islands, and they would come out of their way to pass our hut to see the "white piccaninnies." Mother lost her fear of them.

One day she was crying, thinking her baby was dying. An old black asked her, "Why cry?"

She thought the trouble was in the ear, she said, and he said, "That is nothing."

He put kerosine in the ear and cleared the infection, evidently from a blowfly. Mum was sure he had saved her baby's life and was grateful. I don't think modern doctors would approve!

Mum later laughed about the time she kept the children in the house all day because there was a koala in a tree nearby. She had heard about the wild animals in Australia!

They were at Yatala for two years. In the meantime, Dad worked on the railway being built from Beenleigh to Southport. We moved to Beenleigh and Maggie was born there.

Then they took up a selection on the Albert River, seven miles from Beenleigh, 40 acres of solid scrub at the end of a road with no outlet, in a valley surrounded by mountains.

They cleared enough land to build a slab house, Dad splitting the slabs, Mum splitting the shingles. Mum and the children moved in there, surrounded by solid scrub. Dad just got home for weekends.

There were quite a lot of wild Aborigines about, but they never molested us, and our mother was kind to them. They'd ask for sugar, tea, and tobacco, and were never refused.

I was the first born here on "Ythan Hill." It was named after a river near the old home in Scotland.

The first I remember of "Ythan Hill" was sitting on Dad's knee, and him topping up wild raspberries with sugar to stop me crying when neighbors came over to see Mum when Annie was born. I suppose I was jealous.

First boy

There were more babies—Elsie, Gertie, then this wonderful baby boy, William Thomas Charles. After seven girls it was quite an event. He was spoilt, though we loved the care of him and carried him around until he got too heavy.

Our first grief was when little sister died at 12 months. She was born after Willie, the last of this family of eleven.

The older ones had their schooling at Beenleigh School and Belivah School, and we younger ones went to Wolfdene School, three miles by road, shorter by scrub.

As the family grew up the older ones went out to work, and the highlight was when they came home and gave us the news.

The home was by now a four-roomed house with a detached kitchen. It was a happy home and we loved every board of it.

Our dear mother was a homemaker. She made everybody welcome, would find a bed for everybody, and make a meal for a crowd with a damper or a cabbage.

Our meals would be jacket-baked potatoes and cabbage, and cracked corn for breakfast porridge, and we must have thrived on it, for we grew strong and well.

Going to school, our lunch might be boiled eggs and a few boiled potatoes, which we would swop with some-

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love and courage of her pioneer parents

A READER'S STORY

MUST HAVE HAD BIG HEARTS"

By Mrs. F. Thomas

one else, as they thought our potatoes better than their bread.

Mum had only a camp oven, but she made lovely bread, and lovely potato scones cooked on a sheet of iron on an open fireplace!

Our dad was a born farmer, and in time most of the 40 acres was under cultivation with cane and small crops. We did our share.

On market day vegetables had to be packed in bags and crates. Generally at the last minute a horse had to be shod or the waggon wired up with barbed wire off the fence.

Our biggest worry was water. There was only a tank, and in a dry time the creek would fail. We'd have to cart water from the river a mile and a half away, and were lucky to get drinking water from a neighbor.

In a serious drought we would take our washing above Luscombe Bridge, five miles away. Salty, tidal water came only as far as the bridge.

Dad used to take us there with tubs and boiler, and leave us to make a fire and boil up, then collect us later.

We regarded it as a picnic, but to Mum it must have been a hard day, working in such conditions.

When we moved into "Ythan Hill," the first payment was due on the selection. Dad found a bees' nest in a hollow tree, felled it, and got the honeycomb. This was strained and bottled, and our mother walked seven miles to take a dozen bottles of honey to the grocer.

He paid her, and she went to the Court House and made that first payment. She said it was her proudest moment.

Mum left home one morning to catch the coach to Brisbane. She missed the coach while crossing a paddock, and the driver didn't see her. She kept going, running and walking behind the coach for seven miles, and caught the train to Brisbane.

Dad loved his horses. They had to be fed and bedded, as he called it, before he would come in for a meal or rest. He would never think of taking the horses out after a day's work.

The only time Dad was talked into going out at night was when we were kids and there was to be a lantern show at the school.

We wanted to go and, much against Dad's wish, we won. A storm was coming up, but we set off in the wagon—Mum, Dad, and five of us in starched dresses and white starched hats.

It was pitch dark on a dirt track. We crossed a creek and gullies — and the storm broke. It rained, hailed, and the wind blew.

We had to keep on going, as there was no chance of turning until we got to the corner of the main road. Then we turned for home — all in the rain, hail, thunder, and lightning.

Drowned rats

Our worry was keeping the baby dry. It didn't matter about us. We piled bags and coats on him. Eventually we got home, like drowned rats in our soaked dresses and hats. We went to bed, very subdued.

When Dad came in after he had bedded his horses, all he said was, "I hope you are all satisfied." We often laugh when we get together and talk of these funny things that happened.

In the big drought about 1900, we had no water for two years. Nearly everybody lost all their stock.

We were badly knocked by losing all the bees. Dad had over a hundred hives, and was proud to be "Under Royal Patronage," as he supplied honey to Government House.

Dad managed to keep his working horses by feeding them with reeds and molasses. He used to go to Pimpama Island for a load of reeds, then chaff them and mix molasses with it. It was a day's work.

As we grew up, Dad took another farm across the river. I can remember those long days and hard work. Dad went in for potatoes. At harvest, they were ploughed up, and then we scatched them out — such sore fingers! But we enjoyed it all.

One of us would knock off to light a fire and boil a kerosine tin of potatoes, to be eaten with bread and butter. We had to watch the tide, as we had to cross the river, and would get home late at night, still singing.

Mum would have a lovely pot of pea soup ready. I think now how simple and free life was then.

Eventually, "Ythan Hill" was sold as a dairy and banana plantation, in the big banana boom.

Mum and Dad bought a lovely home at Southport, but were only there a year when Mum died, in November, 1921.

She was only 62, and to us it was the end of the world, though we were mostly married. We just had to carry on without her, and her loving memory has kept us brave in our sorrows.

What a wonderful woman she was. We found it very hard to accept her death, after she had worked so hard.

Dad sold the home in Southport and settled in Woody Point. He was 84 when he died, and had the comfort of his family around him. But he was lonely without his loving mate.

"I must be slipping! I never feel eager any more."

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.. on your holidays

When baby goes on holidays, take along Chix* Disposable Nappies.
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THE SWINGERS

BY LAWRENCE WILLIAMS

TO our regret, my wife, Sally, and I are not parents. We would like to be; we just aren't. And parents know we aren't—at a glance. I don't know how. All I know is if, at a party, say, some guy wants to talk about his kids, he walks right past me and starts talking to a parent. And, of course, he's right. In some mysterious way he knows that I wouldn't truly know what he was talking about. However . . .

A few days ago Sally and I went to a sort of pre-wedding party at the home of some very old friends of ours, Mary and David Hamilton. Their daughter was getting married the following Saturday, and the idea was that some friends of the family were to meet the groom. Well, we met him.

The bride-to-be—Sky, I'm sorry to have to tell you, is her name—is a very dear girl. She is pretty and lots of fun and earnest about marching against things and for things, and Sally and I dandled her on our knees when she was very small . . . Sky is very much a creature of her generation, as she certainly ought to be.

The bridegroom-to-be, Sky's future husband, was a young man named Chuck Something, and from my parochial point of view he left a lot to be desired. A good-looking kid, he had done everything to himself it was possible to do to make himself into a mess.

Lanky hair falling over his collar, an unironed shirt, tie askew, the total works. But those are details. I only want to indicate that Chuck was also very much of his time

To page 33

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ABROAD . . . with Margaret Sydney

● In my primary-school days, in the silly season just before the end of term, mark-adding teachers would sometimes keep us quiet for a whole period by telling us to "draw an imaginary island."

I NEVER much resented criticisms of my efforts, since my drawing prowess was such that even I couldn't identify the subject matter of one of my drawings if I hadn't seen it for a week or two, but I remember feeling distinctly huffy with a teacher who said the top of a small, hilly island "would be a strange place to find a whole flock of windmills."

I had to wait all this time and discover Ios, in the Aegean Sea, to learn that she was wrong, and that the top of a small island is exactly the right place for a flock of windmills.

From the cruise ship you go ashore in a little tender which takes you to a wharf singing with color—green water, brown hills, white-washed cafe buildings with green and yellow and red chairs screened from the sun by deep-blue canvas blinds, great heaps and swathes of yellow nylon fishing-net, fishing boats tied up with their scarlet sails furled.

Ios is hot in July, and most tourists go straight along the wharf and down to the beach to swim. There you can float and turn and stare up at the brown, bare, terraced hills, treeless except where a few olives have been planted in narrow terraces.

The brown hills rise and rise, carpeted on their lower slopes with sweet-smelling wild thyme, starred in odd spots by dazzling white cube-shaped houses, and crowned at their summits by tiny white chapels that cling to the stony slopes like sun-bleached periwinkles.

After our swim, a party of ten or 12 of us went up to the little town, hidden by hills so that you don't see it from the sea.

We went on donkeys, all of us sitting obstinately and uncomfortably astride instead of sideways as the island people do. No reins to your donkey, either. They know they have to go up and wait and come down again, and I don't like anyone's chances of persuading them to go one step off the beaten track.

This is a dazzlingly white stone town — houses, shops, mosques, and walls, and all the pavings made of stone, and all whitewashed so thoroughly that the town looks like an immaculately kept old-fashioned dairy.

In the streets we saw vines that must have grown there for a hundred years or more, their trunks as thick as the trunks of trees.

If you climb to the very top of the town you come to a broad flight of steps. Climb those, and you find yourself out on a high, windy open space—the threshing floor. On the far side of it on the highest, windiest place stands the row of mills.

These are circular stone buildings, with a great, delicate-looking wheel of canvas sails that sweep down to within a foot or two of the ground. With sails set and a strong wind blowing, they look like crazy-daisies whirling furiously against a background of blue sky.

We met an English-speaking member of the ship's crew who had friends in the mill who invited us up, two or three at a time. You climb curving stairs, duck your head to avoid the roof-beams, and arrive at the top of the building in a fine powder of flour and a heavenly smell of newly ground wheat where the huge wind-driven millstone turns at a dizzy speed.

Ios is one of the 24 islands of the Cyclades, and anyone with the time to spare could spend a happy two or three years getting to know them. I saw only three, and each was different.

I went to Siphnos, with time to explore only two of its fascinating villages, and to Santorini, the volcanic island, with its extraordinary science-fiction landscape of rock and lava and pumice.

At the centre of the Cyclades is Delos, the sacred island, once dedicated to Apollo. Legend says that it was a piece of Sicily that broke off and became a wandering island called Adelios, the unknown. Then Zeus ordered Poseidon to anchor it so that Leto, driven out by his jealous wife, Hera, could stay quietly there and await the birth of their child, Apollo.

Poseidon chained the wandering island to the seabed with golden chains and four solid columns of diamonds—and it became Delos, the known.

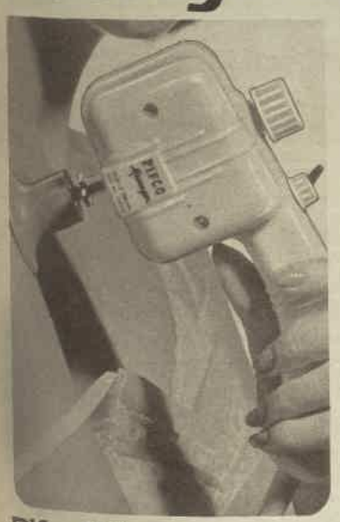
By the 7th century BC the island had become the centre of worship for Apollo. A great commercial settlement grew round the shrines.

Nobody was allowed to be born or to die on the island, and pregnant women and the dying had to be moved by boat to another island in the Cyclades group.

Now nobody lives on Delos, but it has the ruins of sanctuaries and temples, altars, houses, and marketplaces. I didn't have time to visit it. Legend also says that when it has served the last of its purpose it will once again become a wandering island.

I can only pray to Apollo and his sister, Artemis, who was also born there, that the diamond columns will stand and the gold chains hold till I come back to the Aegean to look at Delos.

Massage away stresses of hectic daily living



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THE SWINGERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

—or at least a segment of it.

But here's what startled me. I was standing, minding my own business, chatting with an old acquaintance, when Chuck approached me.

"When you get a minute, Tom," he said, "can we yak it up a little? Sky and I have got some pretty plans. You're in them."

I don't like twenty-year-old kids calling me Tom, but I don't suppose there's much I can do about it. "In a minute, Chuck," I said, and in five or so minutes we were off in a corner.

"Sky and I want to spend our honeymoon with you," Chuck said, "down at your house in the country."

"You want to what?"

"Spend our honeymoon with you. Sky says you've got a little apartment over your garage. We can't afford to go on a real trip, and it's just for the weekend. I gotta be back in college on Monday. OK?"

Now, I'm forty-four and Sally is forty. Can you possibly imagine why a couple of newlyweds would want to spend their honeymoon at our house? I asked the question. And I got an answer. It didn't make any sense, but I got it.

"Because," Chuck said, in a kind of underground voice, smiling like a conspirator, "you're swingers."

"We are? How can you tell?"

"You know. Not like parents and like that."

"I see. Well. I'll talk to my wife, Chuck," I said, "and let you know before we leave."

I found Sally and told her.

"Spend their honeymoon with us?" Sally said.

"That's exactly the way I said it."

"But why?"

"I said that, too. Because we're swingers."

"We are?"

"Not like parents. Chuck told me so."

And there it was again — the same look I'm sure had been on my face a minute before. A secret smile, phony indignation. "But that's ridiculous!" Sally said. "Still, I suppose if that's what they want . . ."

And it was ridiculous. Sally and I are not swingers. We are very square people. No, there was only one likely conclusion — and Chuck had already said it. We were non-parents. Which is to say, two people of parent age, who had none of the nagging authority of true parents and, therefore, could be treated as contemporaries.

So there we were, a couple of counterfeit swingers about to play host to a couple of real ones, twenty years younger than ourselves. We went to the wedding a few days later, which was described in the newspapers as "progressive," whatever that means. Well, I can tell you what it means. It had been wholly planned by the bride and groom.

The clergyman wore a beard, and in the course of the ceremony he managed to quote liberally from the published works of Aldous Huxley, J. D. Salinger, Mahatma Gandhi, and a few poets whose names meant as little to me as their poetry.

The reception had been planned by the bride's parents and included the more familiar champagne, cake, and dancing. When the wedding party broke up, we told the newlyweds to follow us in their car. Sky's family lives in Los Angeles. When Sally and I are in California we usually live in a rented house in the country about fifty miles to the south, an hour's drive on the freeway. This time it was, in a way, a strange drive. I couldn't help wondering aloud what we had let ourselves in for.

"Darling, relax," Sally said. "I think we ought to be pleased that kids of this generation want to spend some time with old fogies like us."

"All right, I'm pleased. But what are we going to do with them for two whole days?"

"Just talk to them, like anybody else. For heaven's sake, they're just people."

"Yeah? I'm not so sure that Chuck kid is just a people. Where did he get all that hair?"

"Grew it. Like you did."

"Oh, I'm not really talking about hair. But you and I don't know anything about kids nowadays. We don't even know very many."

"Well, maybe we'll learn something about them this weekend," Sally said. "Anyhow, they already think we're . . . uh . . . cool."

"You see?" I said. "They've already got you intimidated. I'll bet you never used the word 'cool' in that hipster sense before in your life."

SALLY looked kind of shamefaced, but determined. "Maybe not," she said, "but I don't see anything wrong with it."

"I didn't say there was anything wrong with it. I just said it didn't sound like you — like us. Oh, well . . ."

Then I noticed that I wasn't acting particularly like me, either. Chuck and Sky were right on my tail. Chuck was at the wheel of some kind of little European sports car, bright red, and if it had ever had a muffler it had one no longer. It sounded like a jet at full throttle. I got the feeling that I was being not followed as per instructions but pursued.

I found myself imperceptibly pressing down harder on the accelerator. SPEED LIMIT 60, said the sign, and I saw that I was doing a cool 70.

Well, we got to our place. The night was lovely, the air as kind and soft as a welcoming pillow. It was just our usual time to go to bed—and do you know what I said? Yes, yes, I did. I said, "How about a nightcap for you junior citizens?"

"I think we owe it to ourselves," said Chuck, brushing a ten-inch strand of hair out of his eyes and regarding me admiringly. "You really got your finger on the scene, Tom."

Dear little Sky brushed a twenty-inch strand of hair out of her eyes, and said, "Oh, Tom, you really dig us. I don't even want a drink, but you know how to treat us like people, not dumb kids."

So we all had some quite unnecessary drinks and went to bed much later than made any sense, determined swingers to the end.

I don't know whether, in contemporary usage, the opposite of "cool" is "warm." I'm inclined to doubt it. "Square," I am told, has been replaced by "straight." Anyhow, the language of meteorology and geometry to describe human personality seems to me to be sufficiently far-out to allow for some licence in these matters. Maybe "uncool" is the word I'm groping for. In any case, I think that's what Sally and I were considered to be next morning at breakfast.

Now, I don't know about you, but for me the breakfast table is where it all begins. The day, I mean. It can make it or break it, particularly on weekends. I think the quieter

To page 35

READER'S STORY

The joy of crisp sheets and fresh-baked cakes

● These are some of the things that give an "inward glow" to a Victorian reader who enjoys homemaking.

THIS morning I changed the sheets on our bed, and such a feeling of pride and satisfaction flowed through me that I suddenly thought, am I old-fashioned? Am I the proverbial cabbage to be so elated with freshly ironed sheets and the prospect of relaxing tonight in a crisp, sweetly smelling bed?

Some of the things which bring me satisfaction went through my mind — the family setting off for an outing together, well groomed and neatly dressed; clean windows sparkling in the sun; the smell of a freshly baked fruit cake; washing and ironing finished and folded away; the children's new clothes made up from hand-me-downs; a pantry shelf loaded with pots of jam; the children happily playing shops; a lawn freshly mown and raked; and, best of all, a carefully arranged vase of flowers from my own garden.

My day can be filled with activities such as these, plus the meeting and shopping routines common to young mothers, and yet I feel this satisfaction from what I do.

I enjoy my daily chores and gain such an inward glow from being home with my children, sharing their pleasures and their woes; rejoicing together over the case-moth which has walked since yesterday; the new bulb-shoot bursting through the moist earth.

Mothers I know hold down a job and run a home, too. They have my admiration, and at times I feel inferior, first because I don't do two jobs, and secondly because I have no desire to.

Now the opportunity has arisen for me to prove myself. I have been offered a part-time job, kindergarten teaching, for a month. I am trained for this and I have accepted because I feel I can make the effort and succeed for a short time by preparing in advance.

We also need the money, as my husband is a full-time student. Our older child will be going to school when I leave in the morning, and the younger one can come with me to the kindergarten, returning home with me for lunch.

"I did 18 holes before breakfast."

Why should he share me?

With so little upheaval in the children's program, why not do this all the time? We then could afford to buy the clothes I now make, I could have my hair professionally cut, and dozens of other things. And yet, I would choose to be at home.

Why should my three-year-old share me with a group of other children when it is his right to take me by the hand and have my full attention while we look at his road in our sandpit?

I don't see why I should become tired and short-tempered because of hurrying to get the washing out and shopping done after school comes out; nor fail to have time to let a six-year-old and her friend help with cooking.

We take the bringing up of our children seriously, and we want to give them everything that is rightfully theirs, physically, emotionally, and spiritually, socially and intellectually.

It can be tremendously rewarding to work at creating a home in which it is good to live, to help develop character and wisdom in one's children; to be a companion to one's husband, and a worthwhile member of the community.

I know I will enjoy my job, with its outside interests and fresh outlook, but I know that toward the end of the fourth week I shall be looking forward to my old routine, to my cabbage-like existence.

It seems to me it doesn't matter where you work or what you do. It is the satisfaction that counts, that feeling at the end of the day of a job well done, that your labor was worthwhile and rewarding.

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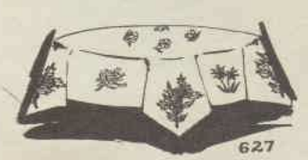
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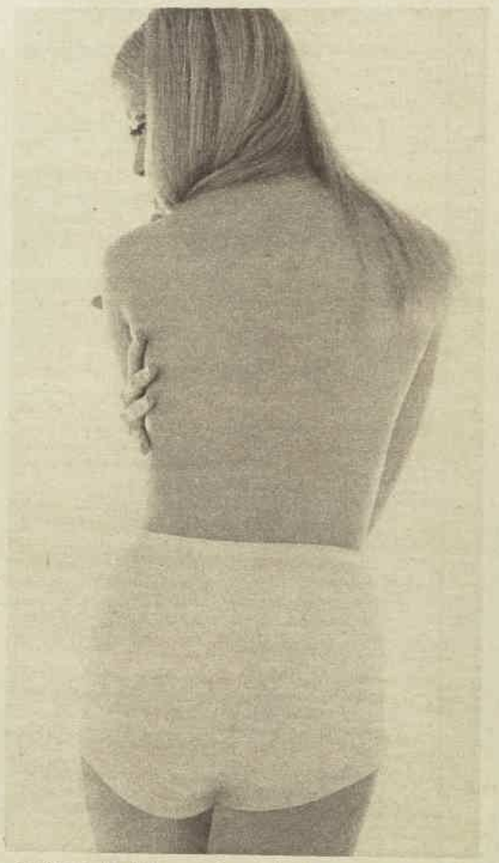

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THE SWINGERS

Continued from page 33

the breakfast, the better it tastes, and I like a nice-looking breakfast, especially with nice-looking people. Well, given my natural limitations, I come to the breakfast table looking like a regular fashion plate. Fresh from a hot shower, newly shaved, clean shirt, tie, pressed sports jacket and slacks.

And Sally's the same. There she was on the terrace in the brilliant sunshine, setting the breakfast table. She was wearing some sort of starchy, filmy housecoat that showed off her almost indecently perfect figure. Her face was made-up for the day. She had not a hair out of place.

Chuck and Sky were already seated at the breakfast table, waiting to be served. You remember I told you Chuck looked like a mess the day before? But you've got to take into account that the day before was his wedding day—kind of a dressy day. This was only a Sunday, which keeps coming around all the time.

HOW can I describe this character? He hadn't shaved, his hair had unaccountably grown two inches during the night, his shirt-tail was hanging out the back of a pair of frowzy white jeans, his feet were bare . . . Oh, well, you've seen the type. And Sky was nearly as bad, except that for some reason which I can't explain it looks a little better on girls.

They stared at me in blank astonishment. I was the guy right off the ship from the planet Mars.

"Hey, what are you trying to do, Tom?" Chuck said. "You trying to put us on or something? This is the country, man."

I ignored this, although I confess I pulled at my tie a little to set it at an angle. I rubbed my hands together, smiling briskly, and tried to think of something to say. "What's for breakfast? LSD anyone?" I said.

Chuck smiled thinly, then watched my face with intense, almost clinical interest. "You know, Tom," he said, "you got something going for you that I'd like to learn. You know how to work both sides of the street. Like now. You're doing the collar and tie bit, but at the same time you're kidding us, to use an old-fashioned expression. You're cooling the cool, if you follow me."

Now I was sure he was putting me on, and true swingers can't allow that. "Chuck," I said, "I get dressed up in the morning because breakfast tastes better that way. That's the simple truth. Of course, I fully acknowledge the possibility that breakfast tastes better to you dressed your way." It sounded pretty square to me, almost like a parent. But not to Chuck. It fractured him. I just couldn't lose with this kid. Sky, too.

"I know what Chuck is trying to say," Sky said, "and it's true. You and Sally don't seem to belong to any generation in particular. Most people your age get sort of stuck in some historical period and just stay there for the rest of their lives. But you two seem to just automatically move with the times. It's kind of spooky, but it's lovely."

Now, this was pretty heady stuff. In a highly dubious way, of course. I mean, why shouldn't people act their age? Because they don't want to. I found myself smiling suavely, and even Sally, who has a more highly developed sense of reality than I, was being subtly seduced. She brought out a magnificent omelet and set it on the terrace table in the country sunshine.

"I'll bring the coffee in a second," she said, "but you cats start in before this gets cold."

Now, I would have thought that "cats" was Early Louis Armstrong. And very possibly it is, but in this somewhat unpredictable Bat-age that was what was good about it. It was so far-out that it was in, and it was received with general hilarity: I laughed—a beat too late, possibly—but louder than anybody. Your true swinger understands these things.

The rest of the day went smashingly—or, at least, most of it did, and then it didn't go at all. But that came later.

The house Sally and I rent is a big old rambling affair, vaguely Spanish-looking, sort of a Mexican country club, if there is such a thing. What I mean is, it's sort of shabby, but there are lots of things to do around the place to keep people occupied. There's a beat-up tennis court and a small pool and all kinds of games to play, for which I was particularly grateful that day.

If you're playing tennis or swimming or playing cards you don't have much time left over to worry about losing your cool. Sally and I even beat Sky and Chuck two straight sets of tennis, which you'll have to admit is pretty stunning for two huffers-and-puffers who think Helen Wills and Bill Tilden are the only ones who really understood the game.

Then we swam, then we had an enormous and festive lunch, then I happily lost two bucks to Chuck in a gin game, then we swam again, then I collapsed. Well, I don't mean I fell down on the floor or anything, I just went to bed, took a nap. So did Sally.

To page 37

LULUBELLE

"Exactly like the one 'Miss Universe' was wearing on TV!"

The Engagement Ring

By K. B. BELLAS

As Jenny sat in the park she recalled the days when she was young and in love.

I STROLLED through the park in the pale autumn sunshine and looked for a vacant bench, where I could sit down and eat my lunch. It was surprising how many people had had the same idea and were comfortably established before my arrival. The grass seemed a little damp, but I decided to risk it in spite of my rheumatism. I was wearing an old skirt, and a few grass stains wouldn't make a great deal of difference.

I had discovered in recent years that the ground was getting farther and farther away, and, as I carefully lowered myself earthwards, I wondered how much longer I could go on sitting on the grass in the park or on the sand at the beach.

I hated growing old, people tended to act as if you weren't there—like the young couple arguing just a little to the right of me. Of course, it had it's advantages. One always knew everything that was going on in the world. But seemingly one wasn't regarded as part of it any longer. Now one was young—or nothing. Not like in her young days when Grandma was the law, and everyone else, including her mother and father, respected her opinion, and valued it.

"Don't you see," came the young man's voice, "If we want to get married soon, we must save all our money."

"I know—but I don't feel engaged without a ring."

There was a wistful tone to the girl's protest that I recognised. Funny, I, too, had found myself in the selfsame argument when I was about her age. I had been 18 at the time, and madly in love with Jack Alfreds. I could still picture Jack as he was at that time, tall, wide-shouldered, with a quick, eager stride.

I smiled sadly to myself, remembering the day we went for a picnic, and on a train, mind you!

To be in love is to be part of something eternal, and that day I think I felt something of this.

The "war to end all wars" had finished the previous year, and although things were far from perfect for most people, we felt that life—our life—was just beginning. I was bursting with happiness.

The sandwiches were a little dry, and beginning to curl up at the corners, and the lemonade was lukewarm, but it was a glorious meal. I think the best I've ever eaten. I screwed the paper-bag into a ball and threw it at Jack, drawing him to his feet, and into a wild chase after me. I was brought to an abrupt halt when my blue floral dress caught on a gorse bush.

"Oh! It's not fair," I cried as he caught up with me, tugging desperately to escape I started to laugh, but there was an expression in his eyes I hadn't seen before, and I stopped and gazed up at him. His eyes, more brown than green, looked like the dark, fathomless sea.

"What is it?" I asked, standing on tip-toe, and putting my arms slowly and shyly about his neck.

"Let's get married, Jenny—"

"Of course, darling," I murmured as he kissed me fiercely. "Haven't we always intended to one day?"

Jack gently clasped my face in his large, hard-working hands, "I mean soon, today, tomorrow—I mean really soon."

"Oh! Jack, we aren't even engaged," I protested.

"Engaged! We are promised to each other. If that's not being engaged I don't know what is."

"I mean—a ring and everything." I spoke very quietly, surely he understood the importance of it.

"But if I buy a ring, Jenny my love, it might be a whole year before we can save up enough to get married."

"Then we wait a year," I said, "I must have a ring, please understand. If I tell all my friends I'm getting married and I haven't a ring to show them—they'll sneer, and talk behind our backs. They'll say you're mean."

"Does it matter so much, what other people think?" he asked in a dangerously quiet voice.

"Yes, it does," I announced, "I want everything just right. To me, it matters."

"This would just be the beginning." He looked grimly at me. "The next thing, we would have to have one of those new houses that are going up in Winters Street; and naturally the very best furniture in the parlor," he jeered. "Perhaps electric light, along with a new-fangled motor-car. A simple walk like this is not good enough for Jenny Minton, or a simple, hard-working husband, that's it."

I can see him now, striding angrily away from me, and over the hills; out of sight. I never saw him again. When I reached the station he had left without me, and we were both too proud to make it up. Not that I had much time to think about it, for he was to go to sea before the week was out—so I learned afterwards.

Six months later on his way back to England he was washed overboard during a storm. All his personal property was sent home to his mother. Among his things they found a letter addressed to me, also a little chamois-leather bag. I had a hard lump in my throat, and tears coursed down my cheeks as I tipped out a shining diamond ring into my palm . . .

I could hear the girl still arguing a little, spoiling a beautiful day.

I unfastened the thin gold chain from about my neck and slipped off the ring. Perhaps the setting was a little old-fashioned, but it still looked beautiful. It wouldn't cost very much to have it reset. The girl was standing up now, and was near to tears.

I wanted to shout at them, "Don't do this to each other—love is the only important thing," but I knew they wouldn't listen, not with their hearts. Later—too late, perhaps, they would know.

I struggled to my feet. I was feeling cold, in spite of the sunshine; slowly I walked away. I could hear the church clock chiming in the distance.

"Er—just a moment, please." It was the girl, in her little short skirt, running behind me, and catching up.

"You dropped your ring," she said, holding out her hand, with it in.

"It isn't my ring," I replied, truthfully. It wasn't mine any longer.

"B-but-I found it, where you were sitting." The girl's blue eyes were puzzled.

"If you found it, maybe it is yours—now?" I said.

"I can't keep it," she faltered, "Whoever owns it will be heartbroken to lose it." She viewed it admiringly, "It's beautiful," she sighed.

"Yes," I agreed. "The most beautiful ring I have ever seen."

She tried it on the third finger of her left hand. "It just fits!" she exclaimed. There was a lengthy silence. "Well," she said, at last becoming practical, "as it isn't yours, I'll take it to the police station. If no one claims it—it will be mine in just a few months, won't it?"

She looked at me eagerly, happily. "Funny, really, when you think about it," she confided. "Because Jack and I are engaged, and we haven't a ring."

"I wish you great happiness," I said, feeling deeply happy myself. Then the strangest thing happened; she leaned over and kissed me on the cheek, and murmured, "I know you do, thank you," and ran away to throw herself into her Jack's arms—just as I should have done, all those long years ago!

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THE SWINGERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

Maybe it wasn't all that swinging of us to take a nap . . . Well, what's so terrible about taking a nap?

Anyhow, the true, as distinct from the bogus, swingers did not take a nap. They went for a walk. I hadn't known that swingers walked, but they do. The house is set more or less in the middle of a dozen acres of avocado trees, from which our landlord makes a modest income, and Sky and Chuck wandered off into the groves.

Around midnight we'd all laughed ourselves into pretty much of a stupor, so we said good night and Sally and I went into our bedroom and the kids to their place over the garage. It wasn't until I was in my pyjamas that I remembered I'd forgotten to put the car away, and it had looked as though a rainy tomorrow was on the way.

I put on a dressing-gown and went outside. Curiously, there was a light on in the garage. When I went in I found Chuck there. He was loading three good-sized cardboard cartons into the back seat of his little red sports car, and he looked rather startled when he saw me.

"Oh, hi, Tom," he said. "Just getting loaded up for the trip home tomorrow. What are you doing here? You think you heard a burglar or something?"

"Chuck," I said, interrupting him, trying to sound casual, "that's an awful lot of avocados you've got there."

"Ah, just a couple," Chuck said. "When Sky and I took a walk this afternoon down through the groves I figured I might as well pick a few."

"A few?"

"Well, you know how it is, Tom. It's a matter of supply and demand. Down around here, avocados are a drug on the market. Everybody raises 'em. A dime a dozen. But up around L.A. these things are worth a half a buck apiece . . ."

"They're not a dime a dozen," I said, "although they are cheaper. But I don't see what that's got to do with anything. They belong to my landlord, a guy named Zimmerman."

Chuck grinned, not looking at me, brushing hair out of his eyes. "Listen, your buddy Zimmerman has got acres of these things," he said. "He'll never miss a little box or two."

"No, he probably wouldn't. But . . ." It was getting sticky. I was getting stuffy. I hated the sound of my own voice. My cool was already halfway gone.

"Chuck," I went on steadily, "Mr. Zimmerman makes his living out of raising avocados. Or partly, anyway. That's stealing a man's livelihood, isn't it?"

Chuck's face flushed and he cocked his head to one side. "You have just admitted yourself that he'd never miss them."

"That's like saying if you took five dollars from a millionaire he'd never miss that little money. Does that make it OK?"

Chuck poked me in the chest with his finger, righteously indignant now, apparently. "You're confusing plain, simple logic with some kind of argle-bargle moral code," he said, talking louder. "Man, I thought you were a swinger. I thought you made the scene, in spite of your age. But I guess I was wrong . . ."

"To both of our surprises, I guess you were. Just take the avocados out of the car and we can forget the whole thing."

"Listen, I went to a lot of trouble—"

"Take them out!" I bellowed. Oh, brother, I sounded like the villain of the play.

But the kid did what I told him, slowly, reluctantly, patronisingly—but he did it.

"Now let's go to bed," I said, and I snapped off the light and marched out of the garage like Napoleon out of Moscow. That is to say, in defeat. It wasn't until I got back to the bedroom that I realised I hadn't even put the car away.

Sally was in bed reading. "What's the matter, darling?" she said, putting down her book. "You look as though you'd been hit by a falling piano."

"I just lost my status as a swinger."

She looked alarmed. "Why? What happened?"

I gave her a brief summary. Sally looked thoughtful. "Well," she said at last, "I'm sorry you feel that way about it, but you only did what you had to do. I'm glad you did it. I'm proud of you."

Now, citizens, this is not one of those stories that ends right here, where I say to myself: "Sally's eyes met mine briefly, but I knew in that single glance that my wife did indeed deeply and truly love me." Good heavens, I knew that my wife deeply and truly loved me on page one! No, my problem was different—and it wasn't solved.

My problem was that I had—and so, to some extent, had Sally—conned myself into believing that I could bridge two generations, live simultaneously in two separate cultural environments. It's some sort of deeply ingrained American theory, apparently. Act young, think young, stay young! Follow the hour, even if it's not your hour! Well, I had flunked my test.

Now hear this. And this is the depressing part. I kissed Sally good night and she turned out the light, and we lay there in the dark pretending to be asleep. I knew Sally was pretending, because she doesn't breathe the same way when she's really asleep. And me? Well, you don't have to convince yourself you're not asleep. And what was I thinking about?

O, craven man! I was thinking—really thinking hard—about how I could redeem myself as a swinger in the eyes of our two scarcely post-pubescent house guests. But, of course, it was no use. I am what I am, and Sally is what she is, thank goodness. Breakfast would be uncomfortable, no doubt. Then the kids would go home, and that would be that.

Sally and I got up early. And we did a strange thing, both of us, as though we had come to the same conclusion in the night. We had apparently arrived at the reverse of the "if you can't lick 'em, join 'em" philosophy. We had tried joining 'em. Now we would be totally ourselves. Even more—our superselves.

The result was that I shaved even more carefully than the day before, my hair was neater, my tie perfection. I brushed my teeth twice. And Sally was positively dazzling. We sauntered out on to the terrace, arm in arm.

The two kids were there waiting for us. They stood up from the breakfast table as we came in. Sky was wearing a cashmere sweater and a skirt, a little strand of pearls around her throat. Her hair was drawn back and held in place with one of those elastic ribbon things, bright red. "Good morning," she said, smiling.

NOW, wait. I suppose it isn't really true to say that Chuck's hair had grown shorter during the night, so I won't. But it looked as though it had. It was combed neatly back off his forehead, damp and shining. He was freshly shaved. He wore a clean shirt, an old tweed jacket, and a frayed necktie with green horseshoes all over it that was very much askew. But a lot of work had gone into it. It made me want to cry, that tie. "Yeah, like good morning, everybody," Chuck said.

Then you know what we did? We all shook hands. Everybody with everybody else. I even shook hands with Sally.

We were, I think, signing a treaty, making a pact, acknowledging a fundamental fact of life. Those two nice kids were pointing out to us that we were not really swingers. Chuck had got my message of the night before and obviously passed it along to little Sky — hence the clothes they wore. But they were telling us something else as well.

They were saying: You aren't really like us, but you've taught us to respect you. You are as square as boxes, and deep down we want you to be. Stay that way because we need you that way. So we can be the swingers—or just young, for a time. We must reluctantly confess that, while somewhat dreary, you are honorable folk.

Well. There we all stood in embarrassingly real proximity to each other. But I didn't feel embarrassed, somehow. I felt like a middle-aged American male—somewhat ordinary and numerically repetitive, perhaps—but a secretly, very secretly, respected human creature on this earth. Almost like a—a parent.

I found I was still holding Sally's hand, and I gave it one brief, quick little shake before I drew out her chair. She sat down with that easy, proud-to-be-herself way she has, and I didn't even try to catch her eye. I didn't have to.

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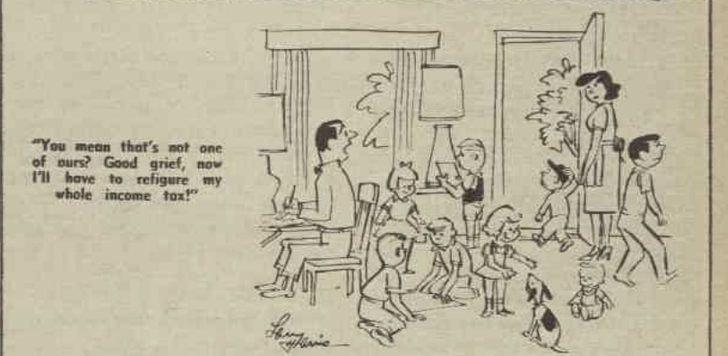
MARRIED LIVES



"Herb always makes a big-to-do over my cooking."

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"...Mummy— why did God let Tommy die?"

"Dear God: Why did you let my brother die?"

THIS WAS the beginning of heartbroken letter from a young boy, named Peter. The open letter to God, directed to a newspaper advice counselor, continued;

"When he was hit by the car, my mother PRAYED to you to let him live, *but you wouldn't*. My little brother was only two years old and he couldn't have sinned so bad that you had to punish him that way . . . you could have saved my little brother but you LET HIM DIE.

"You broke my mother's heart. *How can I love you ?*"

Why is There Suffering ?

The newspaper columnist had *no answer!* He simply replied, "Suffering of innocent people is something we CANNOT UNDERSTAND!"

Is there really *no answer ?*

Why DO innocent people suffer?

Why have there been over ONE MILLION road casualties in Australia since World War II? Almost *six thousand* people died ACCIDENTALLY throughout Australia — in just one year! Many other thousands have been injured.

Did those people really *deserve* to suffer?

Is there a God? And, if so, is HE responsible for all the suffering in the world?

Is there a REASON for all this anguish?

Constantly, we hear of accidents, disease epidemics, droughts, earthquakes, famines, murders, wars — and countless other disasters!

Is God Responsible for Such Horror?

Is it any wonder so many people — if and when they *do* begin to think of God in this connection— ask: "WHY, if there *is* a God, does He *permit* war? WHY does God allow such unadulterated HELL on earth among men?"

"Surely", they reason, "if God is *good* — if He is LOVE — He wouldn't allow people who are innocent victims to endure and suffer, and if He is ALMIGHTY, then He certainly could *prevent* it!

"*Why doesn't He?*"

Then, there are those who *do* consider themselves Christians.

Most likely, they believe they are saved *at the time* they accept Jesus Christ as personal Saviour.

Well, WHY is it, then, that God doesn't then and there *remove* those people from this unhappy world of SUFFERING?

How People Reason

Most people cannot reconcile a God, supposedly *good*, with a world that is obviously *evil*.

One individual, a prominent atheist, expressed the common attitude.

"If I had the power to fashion the universe and 'remake it nearer my heart's desire,' there would be no blind, no deaf, no dumb; there would be no crippled, and each child born would live free of disease and possess a mentality capable of withstanding all the rebuffs of life.

"There would be no deaths by accident. There would be no earthquakes, cyclones nor tornadoes.

"Unless and until, such a condition *comes to pass*, when we may live free from disease, sorrow and suffering, THERE IS NO GOD in this vast universe worthy of homage."

Not long ago, a teen-ager wrote a letter — BLAMING GOD for all the evil in the world — and yet *not believing* He really exists.

"I am a teen-ager, a child of the 'age of skepticism' . . . frankly, I am ANGRY AT GOD for choosing this generation for the manifestation of His wrath . . ."

During World War II, a young German soldier wrote to his home pastor from Stalingrad:

"In Stalingrad, to put the question of God's existence means TO DENY IT . . . I have searched for God in every crater, in every destroyed house, on every corner, in every friend, in my foxhole, and in the sky.

"GOD DID NOT SHOW HIMSELF, even though my heart cried for Him.

"If there should be a God, He is only with you in the hymnals and the prayers, in the pious sayings of the priests and pastors, in the ringing of the bells and the fragrance of incense, *but not in Stalingrad*."

What IS the Answer?

Most people don't realize they were put on earth for a *great purpose!* Yes, believe it or not, there is a *reason* why YOU exist!

And, there is a REASON *why* the world is full of suffering. Every effect has a cause. Wars, broken homes, juvenile delinquency, crime, drought, disease, accidents — all have a cause!

They are the result of *broken laws*.

There are laws — UNSEEN laws — that regulate everything you do. You can't see those laws. But they *exact a penalty*, when and if you break them.

You need to understand WHAT those laws are.

You should come to realize what *your purpose* in life is. It is so much GREATER than you have ever imagined!

You should prove to yourself WHETHER God exists. And if He does, is He *responsible* for all the world's suffering. You CAN FIND the answers to *all* these questions — if you're willing to make the effort.

Get These Booklets

Write for our two FREE booklets, *Does God Exist?* and *Why Were You Born?*

These booklets explain, in clear language, exactly *why* Peter's little brother was allowed to die — *why* the atheists' idea of a world "nearer his hearts' desire" would NOT work — *why* God was "not in Stalingrad".

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The Way to the Station

By DILLON MacCARTHY

Henry decided he must escape from the dull routine of his humdrum existence.

HENRY closed the gate carefully, as if it mattered. The curly iron handle left his fingers for the last time, and the tongue of the latch clicked down with cold finality.

The gate closed on forty years of his life: forty wasted years. Forty years of catching the eight-fifteen to town: forty years of the six-fifteen home. Forty years of Saturday shopping, thirty-eight years of unadventurous seaside holidays: two years of daring Continental coach trips.

Well, goodbye to all that, he said to himself: goodbye and good riddance.

He wriggled his shoulders a little, almost as though he were cold, and stepped at his usual brisk pace down the Avenue. As he came abreast of the Sims' house, Sims was just coming out.

"Good morning," said Sims.

"Do you think so?"

"Do I think what?"

"Do you think it's a good morning?"

"Well, no," said Sims. "If you put it like that, I suppose it isn't. But what else is one supposed to say?"

"Is one supposed to say anything?"

"One could say you look as if you had a night out last night, or that you cut yourself shaving, probably in consequence," said Sims. "But one is too polite, one supposes. One sees you: one wishes to greet you. One says 'Good morning,' and you snap one's head off. What's got into you, Henry?"

"I'm leaving Hilda," he said.

"You're what?"

Sims stared at him. "Have you told her yet?"

"No!" said Henry.

"Why are you leaving her?"

Henry made a futile gesture of incomprehension.

"No why. Just because, I suppose I just can't stand things any longer. Life, you know. There just doesn't seem to be any. I just never seem to have been alive. I've never been anywhere: I've never done anything. And I want to, before it's too late."

"Another woman?" asked Sims, guardedly.

"Good heavens, no!" Henry was shocked, and showed it. "Nothing like that. It's just life: that's all."

"I know what you mean," said Sims. "I know exactly."

They hurried on together in silence, as though catching the train mattered.

"It's not that Hilda hasn't been a good wife," said Henry. "It's not that at all. Quite the reverse. She's been a wonderful wife. There's never been anyone else. We've never had a real row. In forty years, I've never had to wait for a meal. My slippers are always warmed before I get in. She's always got a smile for me — well, almost, and we don't owe a soul a penny. I just can't stand it."

"How will she manage?" asked Sims.

"There's our joint account," said Henry. "The house is in her name, and she can always take in a boarder. Anyway, I'm due to retire next year, and my going now won't make all that much difference, I don't suppose."

"Quite," said Sims. "You really mean it, Henry?"

"I really mean it," said Henry.

"Where are you going?"

"Heaven knows. Somewhere. Anywhere. Just so long as it's away."

"I know what you mean," said Sims.

"What have I ever done? Why have I ever lived?" said Henry. "In twenty years' time, who will ever know that I did? I've never climbed a mountain or written a poem or started a fight in a pub. I've just gone to work and come home. I've never even had a love affair."

"Oh, come, come," said Sims, his turn to be shocked. "Hilda has loved you: you know that. And you must have loved her to want to marry her in the first place."

"I suppose so," said Henry. "But that was a long time ago. Since then we've just got used to each other."

"That's not a bad way to be," said Sims.

"There's just never been any fire. I mean, can you imagine Hilda dancing a flamenco with a rose between her teeth?"

Sims did, and shuddered. "Not now, I don't mean," said Henry. "But ever. There's just never been anything exciting ever happened to me, not in all my life."

"You don't know when you're well off," said Sims, beginning slowly to make up his mind about Henry. "You're selfish, that's what it is. There's nothing exciting ever happened to me, either, but you don't get me dropping all my responsibilities and clearing off just like that. I've got a sense of responsibility."

"Well, so had I," said Henry. "And I had it just forty years too long."

They reached the station. "There's Hilda," said Sims. "How did she get here?"

"She must have taken the short-cut across the Common," said Henry. "Through all that mud. She must be mad."

"But why?" asked Sims. "It can't be that you forgot your sandwiches again, or she'd have run after us like she usually does. She's all dressed up, anyway."

"You look as if you've been crying, Hilda," said Henry, accusingly.

"I missed the train," she said. "I missed the train. I thought I'd be away by now, but I missed the train."

"But where were you going?" Henry was dumbfounded.

"I'm leaving you, Henry," said Hilda, dabbing her eyes.

"Leaving me," said Henry, in horror.

She sniffed miserably into an inadequate lace handkerchief.

"There's nobody else," she said. "It isn't that. It isn't that you haven't been a good husband. It isn't that I don't love you. I'm just leaving you. It's just that I can't stand things any more. I mean, you go to work every morning and you come home every night, and in between I clean the house and shop and cook and then we look at the telly and then we go to bed. I've just got to the point where I can't stand it any longer."

"I know," said Henry slowly. "Nothing ever happens."

"Nothing ever has."

"So you're running away."

She looked up at him, sniffly and snuffly, and anxious, and suddenly Henry realised that whether she knew it or not Hilda had never intended to be in time for the train she had missed.

"Don't you want to stop me going, Henry?"

"Why should I? I think it's a wonderful idea."

Hilda stared at him in stunned amazement.

Henry said: "I think it's such a wonderful idea, your running away, that I'm going to come with you. We'll run away together."

Hilda was horrified and delighted, both at the same time.

"But, Henry," she protested. "What about the office?"

"What *about* the office?" said Henry, ringingly. "Let them sack me. For once, you and I are going to do something dangerous." He smiled masterfully as Hilda clung to him.

Sims looked on, sympathetic, but cynical. It was all right for Henry to talk about getting the sack for not turning up at the office, but Henry knew perfectly well that after more than forty years' faultless service there wasn't the slightest chance of his being given the sack for any such reason.

He could help himself to a couple of weeks' leave at the drop of a hat, which was probably all he had really intended to do, anyway.

And Sims was rather more than cynical about Hilda's timely and dramatic scene at the station. It was the one thing quite certain to have stopped Henry in his escaping tracks.

For all her misleading appearance, Hilda was a clever woman. And—because Hilda had once told Sims' wife a secret in utter confidence—Sims knew something about Henry that quite possibly Henry did not know himself.

Henry talked in his sleep.

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. . . *Margaret Merril*

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Learn now, pay later

LETTERS

● *Lack of money, particularly in large families, often deprives promising students of a university education. In Sweden the State gives equal opportunities to all who matriculate and wish to obtain a degree. It grants loans to needy students, repayable after 15 years, when usually it is no problem out of the salary that can be secured with an academic degree.*

—E. CURTIS, Maryborough, Qld.

BLAME THE GIRLS

PEOPLE often remark on the lack of simple courtesies shown to girls by boys these days. But I think that much of the blame for this must be attributed to the fairer sex. Girls do not seem to expect special attention from their men. Wake up, girls! Let's bring back the chivalry that once was part of a boy-girl relationship. — J. Huggett, Brisbane.

Fine example

IT is very difficult to adjust to the new life after leaving school. To help prepare students, the example of a Queensland school could be followed. Graduation Week is entirely devoted to lectures on etiquette, applying for jobs, make-up, problems in adult life, etc. Students are then invited, with their friends, to a formal ball—providing a way of putting into practice some of the things learnt. — M. A. Craig, Surrey Hills, Vic.

Travel tip

MANY people, young and old, make plans to travel overseas without first having seen Australia. These people, apart from being unreliable ambassadors for their country, are never satisfied with the things they are seeing and constantly tell of the wonderful conditions at home. When they return, they say how much better conditions were overseas. If people wish to travel and leave behind a good impression of their country, a knowledge of Australia—either through travel or reading—is advisable.—"Aussie," North Sydney.

Lost spirit

IS it really true that we have lost our pioneering spirit? I think it is. Parents no longer encourage their children to go to such places as New Guinea or Antarctica, but prefer to keep them close, where they THINK they are safe. We would be living in a very different world if the mamas of previous centuries had acted similarly. — Dinah Mitchell, Edmonton, Qld.

Deflated ego

NOT long ago I had a date straight after work, so I got dressed up in my most way-out clothes that morning. It made quite a change for me to go to work looking so smart, and I felt quite conceited. When I walked in, everyone turned round and looked. The boss went by, stopped short, and I knew he was going to pay me a compliment. To my surprise what he said was, "You didn't walk along the street like that, did you?" — *W.C., Toowoomba, Qld.*

Only 17 once!

BEING a student, I often found myself in a pessimistic mood, longing for Christmas and the end of my school years. When an older friend pointed out that I was wishing my life away, it suddenly dawned on me how right he was and how wrong I had been. So now I'm determined to be patient and to face up to my problems as they come. Besides, I'll be 17 for only one year in my life!—*Anne McGowan, Box Hill South, Vic.*

No originality

IS the average teenager really such an individualist? Recently we conducted a survey and, to our dismay, found that most of those interviewed liked the same music, books, pictures, dances, etc., and felt the same way about politics, current affairs, and social problems. This left us wondering. Will teenagers develop computerised minds, with no capacity at all for individual thought?—*P. Charlton, Penrith, N.S.W.*

Teen war-cry!

AFTER listening to the criticisms aimed at teenagers, I have come to the conclusion that adults only criticise us because they are jealous. They envy us because they had the best years of their lives—their teen years—spoilt by World War II. Now they see us having a mighty time and realise they missed out on a lot of fun. They don't think this is fair, so take it out on us. — *"Chrissie," Glenroy, Vic.*

HERE'S YOUR ANSWER

(from Louise Hunter)

● *Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender are given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.*

Girlish confidences could threaten her future

"MY fiance's sister was my best friend before my engagement. I knew her for two years before I met her brother. Shortly afterward she went interstate to work and we didn't see her again until she came back for our engagement. I feel uncomfortable with her because, when we were close friends, I trusted her and told her all about my personal life, including some secrets I shouldn't have told her. It's terrible to think they could come to light now if my future sister-in-law took it into her head to tell my fiance what she knows. Is there anything I can do?" "Desperate," Qld.

● Don't cross your bridges before you come to them. Your fiance's sister won't necessarily repeat your confidences. What you have to decide is whether there is anything that you should tell your fiance yourself.

★ ★ ★

When in doubt

"THE problem that has been plaguing me for some months is, do I love my boyfriend enough to marry him? I have been going with him for 18 months and I cannot see why I'm not sure about him. He is steady, kind, and he loves me very much. I want to talk it over with him, but it would hurt him terribly, although he would understand. Whenever I think of life without him it seems awful. Is it true that to be really in love you must hear bells while being kissed, and see stars when you are with him? I don't hear bells, etc., but I miss him when we are apart. Please help me. I'm 18½ and he is 21. We plan to marry in 18 months." "Confused," S.A.

● Before taking any important step — especially one like marriage that is for life — doubts are bound to plague you. If they didn't it would mean you weren't taking the matter seriously enough. Admittedly, a doubting heart is a big problem, because when you ask "Do I love him enough?" you really mean "What is love?" While I'm sure only the over-imaginative hear bells and see stars, your "symptoms" sound promising. At the end of the next 18 months I don't think you'll have any more doubts.

In-law trouble

"I AM 15 and I have a problem concerning my brother-in-law. I like him a real lot, but whenever I say something to him it comes out nasty, and then we get the huffs. I would like to tell him that I like him very much, but I can't face him. I don't know what is stopping me from liking him. What should I do?" "Worried," N.S.W.

● What you must do is to make up your mind how you REALLY feel about him! At the beginning of your letter you state you like him a "real lot," but at the end you wonder what is stopping you from liking him! When you've finally decided, count up to ten before speaking to him, and always begin the conversation with a bright smile. A mouth happily curving upward cannot possibly produce "nasty" words!

ROUND ROBIN

Adair

MINI OPPONENTS PUT ON AN ACT

I SEE that a Bill is before the Philippines Parliament to ban mini-skirts for teenaged and older girls.

The Bill, if passed, would restrict hems above the knees to girls 12 and under.

A leading banker is backing the move. Playing it safe, I suppose.

I am in a position to assure girls—and boys—here that no government or banker in Australia is contemplating similar action.

The Federal Government is too busy trying to bring down the Budget, and the Opposition is too busy trying to bring down the Government, for either to try to bring down mini-skirts.

On the other hand, political parties are too busy putting up candidates, and losing candidates are too busy putting up excuses, for anyone to try to put up minis.

And, as banks here boast of branches everywhere, Twiggies should be popular!

Make no mistake, however.

Girls here are preparing to fight, just in case government policy changes.

As a leader of one group told me: "We will show them how we stand."

Unfortunately, the ranks of these fighters are not quite solid.

There is a breakaway body called the DLP—Draped Legs, Please.

And there is another section that favors culottes rather than mini-skirts.

Hence, the talk that there is a "split" in the united dress front.

At the time of writing this, the Philippines Parliament had not yet decided on the mini-Bill.

As we say in political circles, we will be breaking our nexus for the result.

BEATNIK

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4924670

● *Schoolgirl Rita Rozmaryn, a fifth-former at Mt. Scopus College, Burwood, Vic., wears her shoulder-length hair in neat bunches during the week.* ● *For Rita's first ball, Melbourne hairdresser Lillian created this graceful Empire-line hairstyle, with big, roly-poly curls accentuating the back.*

● *Christine Horne, 16, of Elsternwick, Vic., arrived with her mousy brown hair hanging loosely to her shoulders.* ● *"Unimaginative," said Lillian. She prescribed a color change, then an upswept hairstyle, falling into a soft pageboy at the back, and finished with a curl or two on top.*

SOFT, PRETTY LOOKS A-HEAD

By Beverley Cooper

YOUNG and gay is the password for teenage hairstyles, and sophistication is OUT — according to Melbourne hairdresser Lillian.

"I don't like the high-fashion look," she said. "The young ones have years ahead for that."

Soft and pretty, with a few romantic twirls and curls, is HER look for teenagers.

Lillian stresses the importance of cut and color.

"Mousy brown hair, once almost a uniform, is no longer," she said. "A lighter, brighter shade can transform a girl's appearance.

"So can a good cut. It's the basis of any hairstyle, not only the short-short one but for long hair, too."

And to show just what she meant she invited three teenagers to her salon, then went to work on their hairstyles.

Our pictures show you the results.

Pictures: Michael Coyne

● *Trainee hairdresser Helen Tait, 16, of Strathmore, Vic., wanted a change from long hair, yet she didn't want to wear it short-short.* ● *For her, Lillian suggested this bob-length style, turning smoothly under. It's cut shorter at the back.*

For teenagers

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4924671

He's just great in "Grand Slam"

BOND'S

Show him off in the lively new colours

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4924672

Rugged him in Hot Chilli—Honeycomb Mesh

Gold in the hills—absorbent Terry fabric

Marine Blue, picnic for two—Terry cotton

Cavalry Tan—in total-stretch Texspand

Family man in Sky Blue; many boys' colours

Bold Black Burgundy in Honeycomb Mesh

A great catch in Terry of Lettuce Green

Smile! He's in Honeycomb Mesh of Coffee Brown

Wham! He just loves those free-swing gussets

new-season colours in the only shirt with free-swing gussets

The one true action shirt now in fresh new colours. Choice of three fabrics, each is of top Bond's quality and holds shape through wash after wear. "Grand Slam"—the swinging shirt—now at all stores.

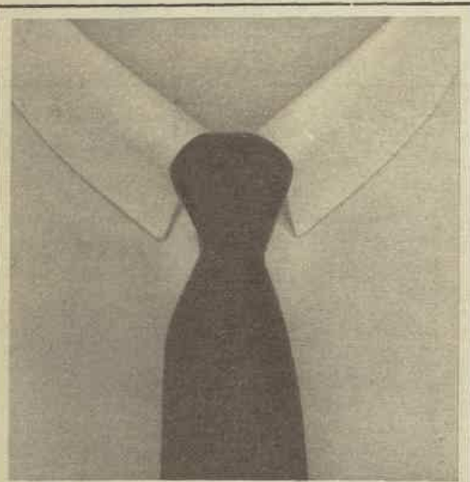
Honeycomb Mesh Cotton	$3.99
Boys'	$2.99
Terry Towelling	$3.99
"Texspand"—Cotton/Nylon/ Lycra Mesh	$4.99

BOND'S

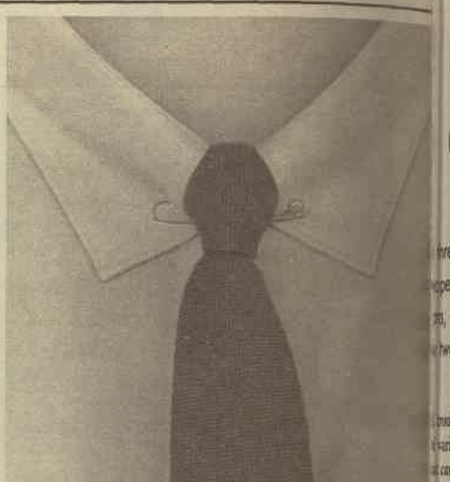
National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4924673

Give him Paramount Shirts for Father's Day

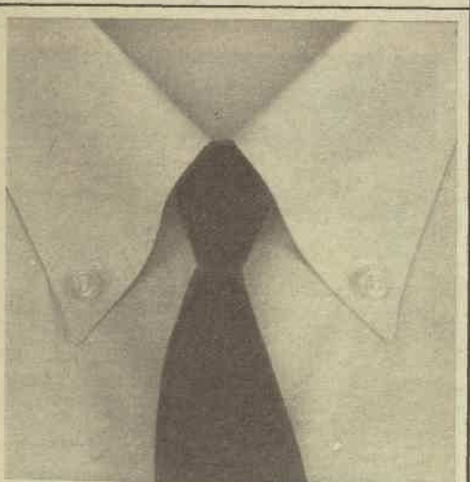
Choose collar styles that make him younger, smarter instantly



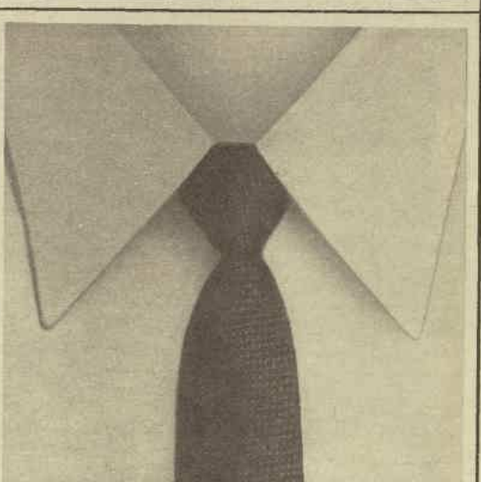
1 **PARAMOUNT FRISCO**
Distinctive snap tab collar. Double cuffs. He'll love it. He'll wear it—and you'll like the way he looks.



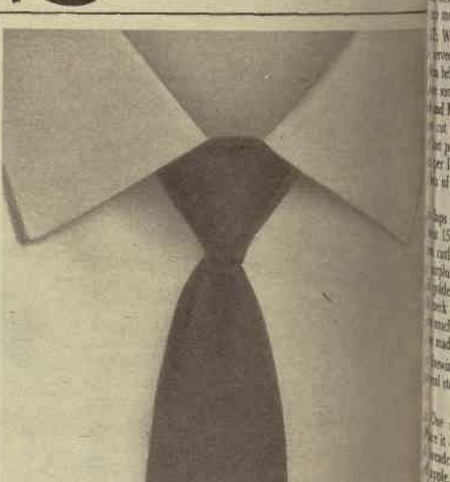
2 **PARAMOUNT TOORAK**
Dynamic new shaped cutaway, complete with tie pin. Double cuffs—he'll appreciate this one.



3 **PARAMOUNT DOOMBEN**
A double-stitched long peak button-down collar. This latest Paramount looks great on all fathers.



4 **PARAMOUNT PAREE**
Long peak stitchless collar — the international trend in collar styling. He'll look good and feel good too.



5 **PARAMOUNT MILAN**
Cutaway stitchless collar. You'll like what this style does for him — so will he. And it happens instantly.

it's the collar that counts

See the new Paramounts at the smarter men's stores everywhere

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4924674

They cost 20 cents or less

BUDGET MEALS FOR ONE OR TWO

CRISP BREAD CASES make the easy pastry for these Curried Meat and Potato Pies—you can make at least eight for 20 cents; they're good for inexpensive party savories, too. The recipe is on this page.

A three-page feature giving a variety of recipes, together with shopping suggestions, to provide delicious dishes for one or two, with a 20-cent maximum cost.

THE trouble with cooking on a budget is the lack of variety; that's the general complaint. After all, what can you serve for 20 cents? But it's amazing just how much good food, with a little careful shopping, can be bought for that amount. We give many examples.

At the end of each recipe is the cost of the completed dish, according to the prices ruling when this feature was prepared. Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in the recipes.

MEAT: With sensible buying, substantial meat meals can be served every day at budget prices. We've given some ideas below; and there are also recipes in this feature which use some of the meats suggested.

Lamb and Mutton: Rosettes of mutton (see picture overleaf) are cut from scrag end, and generally come five to the lb. Cost per lb. is 15 cents. Rosettes of lamb are about 29 cents per lb. Although each rosette has a central bone, there's lots of good eating on them at a most economical price.

Lamb flaps are about 15 cents per lb. A big lamb shank costs about 15 cents.

Mutton cutlets range in price from 7 to 10 cents each; remove surplus fat, coat cutlets in egg and breadcrumbs, fry until golden and cooked through.

Lamb neck chops are about 40 cents per lb.; mutton chops are much cheaper. Half lb. (2 to 3 chops) is delicious curried or made into a savory stew.

Veal: Stewing veal is about 39 cents per lb.; ½lb. will make a veal stew for one. Small veal shanks are also inexpensive.

Pork: One small pork shoulder chop costs about 20 cents. Place it on greased foil, spread over combined mixture of breadcrumbs, pinch of mixed herbs, little finely chopped apple, dot with little margarine; wrap firmly in foil, bake about 40 minutes or until cooked through. Or simply fry, serve with apple sauce.

Other Meats: Steakettes, about 39 cents per lb., give five steakettes to the lb. Fry them, serve on hot toast, top with lots of crisply fried onion; grilled tomato halves make good accompaniments.

The variety meats — brains, kidneys, etc. — provide a change and nourishment, and they're good eating, too.

Half lb. of topside steak (cost about 34 cents ½lb.) can be cut into two pieces, horizontally; cost per portion 17 cents. You'll need a sharp knife for this, or ask the butcher to cut steak for you. Hammer out until very thin, cook in hot butter with chopped parsley, crushed garlic, and worcestershire sauce to make an economical version of Steak Diane.

Sausages are about 25 cents per lb.; sausage mince is about 15 cents per lb. Buy sausage mince and make your own sausages. Shape mince into sausage shapes, roll in seasoned flour, fry in a little hot fat as for sausages.

FISH: Makes a light but nourishing and sustaining meal. Fish prices vary; bad weather, when fishing is difficult, can cause a scarcity, and therefore an increase in price. However, any of the following generally can be prepared and served for 20 cents or less at any time of the year.

Garfish: Range in price, about 18 to 20 cents per ½lb. (four to six fish), are sweet, beautifully flavored. The tiny bones can be a nuisance, but it's a simple matter to fillet garfish, removing all bones. Remove heads, cut fish down to tail, open out flat. Take rolling-pin and gently roll up and down backbone; turn fish over, repeat gentle rolling. Backbone should now lift out quite easily. Dust fish with flour, fry until crisp and golden. Serve with wedge of lemon and fried parsley.

Mullet: Whole fish is cheaper than fillets; whole mullet is about 20 cents per lb., fillets about 25 cents. Mullet can be fried, grilled, or baked; it's especially nice when steamed, served with parsley sauce.

Kippers: Smoked kippers are imported; cost about 40 cents per lb. They're packed two kippers to a packet; they vary in weight. A nice plump pair costs about 36 cents or 18 cents per serving. Filleted kippers are a little dearer, about 45 cents per lb.

Brush them with margarine, then grill; or cover with water, simmer until tender — you may need to replace water and bring to boil again to remove excess saltiness. Drain, serve topped with little margarine into which some chopped parsley has been blended.

Kingfish: One of the most neglected of all fish, and certainly one of the cheapest. Price is about 30 to 36 cents per lb.; a nice thick kingfish steak, with lots of good eating, will weigh about ½lb. Fry or steam, serve with lemon wedge or parsley sauce.

Other Fish: Trevally (about 25 cents per lb.), gurnard (20 cents), and delicate whiting (35 cents) are other inexpensive fish.

CANNED FISH: Fish cutlets, about 24 cents per 1lb. can, are an inexpensive buy. Use half contents of can to make creamy fish croquettes, and remaining half to make a savory fish pie; flake fish, mix into well-seasoned parsley sauce, fill into small pie dish lined with hot mashed potato. Heat in oven 15 minutes.

Sardines are often specials at grocery stores or supermarkets; serve them on hot, buttered toast for an under-ten-cents snack.

VEGETABLES: Cost of a green vegetable accompaniment has not been included in the prices for main dishes given in this feature. Choose vegetables in season; look for good, fresh quality to ensure full food value.

Cooking tomatoes (tomatoes which are not firm enough for easy cutting) are available at most greengrocers at a low price. Use them in soups, stews, gravies, or to make the delicious Tomato Concasse overleaf; it's a good accompaniment to many meat dishes.

GIBLET SOUP

1oz. fat or bacon fat
½lb. chicken giblets
1 medium onion
3 dessertspoons plain flour
4 cups water
3 sticks celery
1 chicken stock cube
salt, pepper
chopped parsley

Finely chop the onion, chop the giblets and celery. Saute the onion in the hot fat, then add giblets. Stir in flour, pepper, salt, crumbled stock cube, and add the water, stirring constantly. Bring to the boil, reduce heat; simmer, covered, 1½ hours. Just before serving, stir in some finely chopped parsley.

Makes 2 to 3 generous servings; cost 18 cents.

CURRIED MEAT AND POTATO PIES

8-10 slices bread
margarine
4oz. minced steak
1 small onion
2 teaspoons curry powder
3 teaspoons cornflour
¼ cup water
½lb. hot mashed potato

Cut crusts off bread slices, spread bread thinly with melted margarine. Place in patty tins buttered side down, bake in moderate oven 20 minutes. At the same time, saute the finely chopped onion and curry powder in extra margarine, add minced steak and continue to cook a few minutes. Add the water, cook 5 minutes, then thicken with cornflour blended with a little water. Fill curry mixture into hot bread cases, top with hot mashed potato.

Makes approx. 8 pies; cost 20 cents.

MOCK CROWN ROAST

1 flap of lamb, about 1lb.
1 medium onion
½ teaspoon mixed herbs
salt and pepper
1 cup water or stock
1 dessertspoon chopped parsley

Combine finely chopped onion, herbs, and parsley, spread over inside of flap, sprinkle with salt and pepper. Roll up firmly, secure with string. Put into baking dish, pour in water or stock, bake in moderate oven 1¼ to 1½ hours. Make gravy from skimmed pan drippings.

Makes 2 very generous servings; cost 20 cents.

SAVORY RISSOLES WITH TOMATO GRAVY

2oz. mince steak
4oz. sausage mince
3oz. fresh breadcrumbs
chopped parsley
1 small onion
3 tablespoons water
1 cooking tomato
1 small onion, extra
1 cup water or stock
oil for frying

Combine mince steak, sausage mince, breadcrumbs, water, and finely chopped onion and parsley; mix well. Form into 6 flat cakes. Heat oil, cook rissoles until browned on all sides and cooked through. Remove from pan. Drain most of fat from pan, leaving about 1 dessertspoonful. Finely chop onion, peel and chop tomato. Fry onion in fat until golden, then add tomato and stock or water. Thicken if necessary with a little blended flour. Return rissoles to pan, cook about 5 minutes more.

Makes 6 rissoles; cost 17 cents.

Serve with jacket potatoes.

Continued overleaf

RECIPES FROM OUR LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4924675

BUDGET MEALS FOR ONE OR TWO .. .. *continued*

KIDNEY AND TOMATO OMELET

1 lamb kidney
margarine
1 small tomato
salt, pepper
2 eggs
2 tablespoons water

Chop skinned, trimmed kidney, saute in a little margarine. When tender, add peeled, chopped tomato, pepper and salt. Cook few minutes, then remove, keep warm. Beat eggs lightly, add water, salt and pepper to taste. Heat a little margarine in pan until sizzling, pour in omelet mixture, and cook. When omelet is nearly cooked, spoon filling over one side, cook a few seconds more. Turn out, folding omelet over filling.

Makes 1 large omelet; cost 20 cents.

ROSETTES OF MUTTON AND ONION GRAVY

1lb. mutton rosettes
1 large onion
little bacon fat
1 tablespoon flour
1 cup stock or water

Melt fat in pan, try meat quickly on both sides. Add finely sliced onions, and brown. Remove meat and onions, blend flour into fat and cook a few minutes, then add stock or water, stirring, until mixture boils and thickens. Return meat and onions, cook gently until meat is tender.

Makes 2 servings; cost 18 cents.

TOMATO CONCASSE

¾lb. cooking tomatoes
1 small onion
½ clove garlic
margarine
salt, pepper

Peel and chop tomatoes, chop onion finely. Melt a little margarine in small saucepan, add onion, cook until softened but not browned. Add tomatoes, crushed garlic, salt and pepper to taste. Simmer gently, pressing mixture with fork occasionally.

Makes 1 or 2 servings; cost approx. 6 cents.

This concasse can be piled on to hot toast and served as a supper or luncheon snack. Or, for a complete meal for one, serve with 3 thin sausages (¼lb., costs 9 cents), a small egg, and chips.

HAMBURGERS WITH BARBECUE SAUCE

4oz. minced steak
2oz. soft breadcrumbs
1 dessertspoon worcestershire sauce
salt, pepper
2 tablespoons water

SAUCE

1 tablespoon oil
1½ tablespoons worcestershire sauce
3 tablespoons tomato sauce
2 tablespoons vinegar
2 tablespoons sugar
1 dessertspoon cornflour
¾ cup water
salt, pepper
pinch mustard

Combine all ingredients for hamburgers, shape into 2 flat cakes. Fry until cooked through, turning once. Place on hot serving plate, spoon sauce over.

Sauce: Heat oil, add remaining ingredients; bring to boil, then reduce heat, simmer 5 minutes.

Makes 1 or 2 servings; cost 17 cents.

CHICKEN AND TOMATO

2 chicken wings
1oz. seasoned flour
1 tomato
1 small onion
1 cup water
little oil for frying

Dip wings in seasoned flour, fry in hot oil until golden; remove from pan. Add the chopped onion and the peeled, chopped tomato; saute 5 minutes. Add the chicken wings and water, simmer 10 minutes.

Makes 1 serving; cost 18 cents. Nice served with hot rice.

VEGETABLE RISOTTO

1 small onion
1 small carrot
1 stick celery
2 large cooking tomatoes
1oz. margarine
4oz. rice
1 teaspoon vegetable extract
1 cup water
chopped parsley
salt, pepper

Chop onion, carrot, and celery into small cubes. Peel and chop tomatoes. Toss chopped vegetables in heated margarine 3 to 4 minutes; add washed rice. Add water combined with vegetable extract; cook, covered, 15 to 20

CARAMEL BANANAS

2 or 3 bananas
lemon juice
½ cup brown sugar
2oz. margarine
cinnamon

Peel bananas, halve lengthwise, brush with lemon juice. Melt brown sugar and margarine in small pan, add bananas, cook until tender but still slightly firm. Sprinkle with cinnamon.

Makes 2 servings; cost 12 cents.

A small bucket of ice-cream, cost around 7 cents, or an ice-cream wafer can be bought for 5 cents. Divide into 2 portions, place in chilled serving dishes, spoon Caramel Bananas over.

APPLE FRITTERS

1¼ cups self-raising flour
pinch salt
¾ cup water (approx.)
1 apple
oil for deep-frying
icing or castor sugar

Mix sifted flour and salt to stiff consistency with water. Peel, core apple, cut into ¼in. wedges. Dip in batter, fry in hot oil until golden brown. Drain, dust with icing or castor sugar.

Makes 2 servings; cost 7 cents.

SCOTCH EGGS

2 hard-boiled eggs
2oz. sausage meat
salt, pepper
breadcrumbs
milk
flour
oil for frying

Shell eggs, dry well, roll in flour. Blend together sausage meat, curry powder, and seasoning. Cover shelled eggs with thin, even layer of this mixture, form into balls. Coat in milk and breadcrumbs. Fry in hot, deep oil about 8 to 10 minutes or until golden brown. Serve hot with gravy and garnish of parsley, or cold with salad.

Makes 2 servings; cost 19 cents.

BACON FRITTERS

¼lb. lean bacon pieces
1 medium potato
1 small onion
1oz. seasoned flour
1 egg

Chop bacon pieces finely, combine with finely chopped onion, peeled, grated potato, flour, and egg; mix to combine thoroughly. Drop small spoonfuls of mixture into hot fat, cook until golden, turning once.

Makes approximately 12 fritters; cost 19 cents.

PANCAKES

1 cup plain flour
pinch salt
1 egg
½ pint milk

Sift dry ingredients into bowl. Make well in centre, break egg in, and mix until smooth, then gradually add milk, stirring until smooth. Heat heavy frying pan, grease with a little fat. Pour thin layer of batter into pan, cook until golden, turn and cook other side.

Makes 6 to 8 pancakes; cost 11 cents.

Serve as a sweet with sugar and lemon.

To make savory pancakes, fill with mixture of curried mince (see recipe for Curried Meat and Potato Pies) mixed with a little hot rice; roll and serve.

Home hints

● These useful hints to help in the kitchen win a prize of $2 each for readers.

BACON rashers should be laid flat, interleaved with either plastic or foil and stored in deep-freeze in refrigerator. It is easy to cut the rind from a frozen rasher, or cut it into pieces of the size required for a dish. It defrosts rapidly, and for breakfast rashers can be placed straight into pan. — Mrs. C. Crook, Vincentia, via Nowra, N.S.W.

* * *

A pear added to an apple pie instead of cloves gives an unusual and delicious flavor. — Mrs. K. Schultz, 2 Hamilton St., Toowoomba, Qld.

* * *

Store small containers of spices, herbs, flavorings, etc., on an oblong tray or swiss roll tin on your cupboard shelf. On baking day you can lift the tray down and use items as required. It's much easier than searching for small bottles and tins that are usually out of sight. Easier when cleaning shelves, too. — Mrs. Maisie Heath, 10 Enfield Rd., North Brighton, Vic.

* * *

To keep egg-yolks, put them in a glass and cover with melted butter (not too hot), put in refrigerator. The yolks will keep for several days without drying. —Mrs. E. Bloffwitch, Coomandook, S.A.

MORE BAKE OFF JUDGES

Thousands of entries have been received for the three Sections in our great Bake-Off Contest, which closes on September 4.

GRAHAM KERR, Chairman of our big Butter-White Wings Bake-Off, concluded his search for judges for the contest in Paris and Italy.

In Paris, he says, the Hotel Meurice, in the Rue de Rivoli, is superb. A quiet, gracious hotel, its dining-room must be the most elegant in Paris. The standard of service and tableside cookery was flawless. The Maitre Chef de Cuisine of the Meurice is coming to Sydney in October as part of the final judging panel.

The Tours d'Argent lived up to expectations — and more.

Maxims was our last port of call. This, the most famous of all international restaurants, did not disappoint.

Often, when you expect the best, the standard never reaches your imagination. Maxims met it and then went several steps further.

Rome was hot, a little scruffy, and I was tired. I rang Antonio Prantera, the owner of the Hosterio Dell'Orso and the Helio Cabala, at Frascati. He invited me up to Frascati, in the mountains.

"It is more healthy," he said.

He was so right. The Helio Cabala is an old villa, a one-time home of a leading wine-maker. Antonio bought it as a summer residence.

His friends loved the view, the peace, and his hospitality. Being a born restaurateur and hotelier, he couldn't escape the obvious conclusion.

Antonio Prantera surrounded the villa with the miniature houses, all built in the style of an Italian village. They replaced the vines. Yet they wander over terrace after terrace as naturally as if they had been there several centuries. Little squares, boutiques, gorgeous swimming-pools — this is Helio Cabala by day.

By night, it's wild dolce vita. Two bands (or groups) play through the night and rest only at dawn.

I invited Antonio Prantera to visit Sydney and be part of our Chief Judging Panel, and he agreed.

PROGRESS PRIZE

This week's progress prize of $10 and a $20 set of Graham Kerr Signature Ware in the Butter-White Wings Bake-off is awarded in Section 3 — to Miss Barbara Brett, 9 Margaret Street, Port Adelaide, S.A. 5700.

LITTLE APRICOT BUNS

4oz. butter
4oz. sugar
2 eggs
3 tablespoons milk
½ tablespoon vanilla
6oz. White Wings self-raising flour
small amount of dried apricots, cooked, sweetened, and drained.

Cream butter and sugar until fluffy. Add vanilla, then eggs; beat lightly. Add milk, fold in sifted flour. Grease patty tins, or use paper patty cases. Place teaspoonful of mixture in tins, top with some of the cooked apricots, then with another teaspoonful of mixture. Bake in hot oven approximately 15 minutes. When cold, ice, if desired, with lemon icing.

PRIZE CAKE HAS TOPPING OF WALNUTS

● A lovely chocolate cake with a pretty topping of walnut halves wins $10 this week.

CHOCOLATE MARSHMALLOW CAKE

4oz. butter or substitute
¾ cup castor sugar
2 eggs
2 dessertspoons golden syrup
¾ teaspoon bicarb. soda
¾ cup warm milk
1½ cups self-raising flour
2 tablespoons cocoa
8 marshmallows (halved)
16 walnut halves
2oz. solid white vegetable shortening
4 tablespoons icing sugar
2 tablespoons cocoa
vanilla

Cream butter or substitute with sugar until light and fluffy, beat eggs, and add gradually, beating well after each addition, beat in golden syrup. Dissolve soda in warm milk. Sift flour with cocoa and fold into mixture alternately with milk. Beat briefly to make mixture smooth. Place mixture in greased and lined 8in. square cake tin, bake in moderate oven 30 to 40 minutes or until a skewer inserted in centre comes out clean. When cake is cooked remove from oven and, while cake is hot, cover top evenly with halved marshmallows arranged cut side down. Allow to cool.

To make icing, melt vegetable shortening over hot water, blend in sifted icing sugar and cocoa, flavor with vanilla. Pour over cake and marshmallows, place walnut half on top of each marshmallow.

First prize of $10 to Mrs. B. Menzel, 16 King St., Brighton, S.A.

CONTINENTAL VEAL

1¼lb. veal steak
seasoned flour
¼lb. lean bacon
1 cup diced mixed vegetables
½ cup sliced onion
1 sliced tomato
1 tablespoon flour
½ pint stock or water
¼ pint white wine
salt, pepper
4oz. spaghetti

Chop bacon, fry lightly in pan. Cut veal into pieces, coat in seasoned flour, and add to pan; brown lightly. Remove meat from pan, add vegetables and onion, cook without browning. Add tomato, flour, wine, stock or water, salt and pepper; simmer a few minutes.

Place veal, bacon, and liquid in casserole, bake in moderate oven approximately 2 hours. Add spaghetti 1 hour before serving, or cook separately in boiling salted water, if preferred. Serve with the veal.

Consolation prize of $2 to Mrs. F. Wadley, 15 Conlan St., Carina Heights, Qld.

A WORLD OF STRANGERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

The newcomer resumed her monologue about the settlement house. Jane realised that having missed the opportunity to tell Gladys immediately about the danger she had been in, she had lessened her chances of being believed.

"Do you?" the girl was asking.

"Oh . . . I'm sorry. I didn't . . . I thought I saw something down the road." She hadn't seen anything, but it was an excuse for her lapse of attention.

"I was asking you if you had made any plans for the future."

"Oh. Well, not really." Perhaps that was the answer. Go away where no one could find her.

"Is there anything I can bring you the next time I come? Like books, or—"

"Thank you, but I have all the books I want." Suddenly she noticed the gift on her lap. Her fingers trembled as she picked up the box, professionally wrapped in white-and-gold paper. Was it possible that he was giving her the engagement ring again?

SHE folded the paper and ribbon neatly, opened the box, and took out the tissue-wrapped object within.

It was a gold St. Christopher's medal.

She stared at it a long time. Her reaction puzzled her. She lifted her eyes so that the tears wouldn't spill and waited for her voice to settle down.

"Thank him for me," she said finally. "No, perhaps I can get his address and write to him. Did he say — I mean — uh — why did he think I might need this?"

"Need it? He didn't say you needed it. It's a present, that's all."

When Jane's visitor was gone, she sat still, thinking. What would happen if she told the doctor about the man who wanted to take her for a drive. Certainly enough people could vouch for his presence, but still there was no point to it. There hadn't been a fire, an accident, a hospital, a doctor, Austin, a man in a car, a bullet, a guardian, a voice, Zee — it was all an illusion. She was a loony in a loony bin, and nothing was true.

The new nurse arrived early Monday morning. She was a tall, athletic-looking woman in her forties.

For some reason Jane couldn't stop babbling in her presence, in much the same way she had done when Austin had taken her out, but that nervousness had been a pleasurable frenzy. This one was composed completely of uneasiness. "How did you happen to hear about this job?" she asked at one point.

"Through an agency. Why?"

"Oh, curiosity. Just making conversation. I thought— that is, I had the impression that someone recommended you." With distaste she noticed how apologetic her own voice sounded.

"I think you'll be satisfied, Miss Wallcutt. I have excellent references."

Teetering at the edge of a decision, Jane finally plunged. "Could I see some of them?" she asked brightly. "Of course, I'm perfectly — uh — that is, I had a bad experience once. Someone I — uh — hired —"

"I was under the impression that you were suffering from amnesia, Miss Wallcutt."

"Sometimes I have the oddest memories."

The nurse waited, but this time Jane remained silent.

"Naturally, I don't have my references with me," the nurse said finally. "I'll bring them when I come back after I take a day off."

"Oh, yes, of course." As Jane had feared, she had generated antagonism and had nothing to show for it. She was unreasonably convinced that when Janet Smith returned after her day off, she would have "forgotten" the references. "I have it! Dr. Stires said that my guardian recommended you. Do you know him? Howard Chalmers."

"No, I don't," the woman said, her eyes more opaque than before. "Perhaps what Dr. Stires meant was that Mr. Chalmers took care of hiring me through his agency. I was simply told to report here. Perhaps that was because I have my own car and don't mind working in the country."

"Yes, I suppose that's it. Well, I certainly am lucky to have found you so fast."

She was lucky. The nurse was more efficient at washing and dressing her and getting the room straightened than Zee had ever been. In addition, she was constantly finding extra jobs, like sorting out Jane's possessions. She was a treasure, except that Jane couldn't stand her. For one thing, she never left her alone. Unlike Zee, she had no interest in chatting with the kitchen help or getting a ride into town with Kirk or watching television. She never left Jane's side for more than a few minutes at a time, even when she bathed. Jane felt strangled.

"Why don't you take a nap?" she suggested to the nurse on the third day of her attendance.

"I'm not tired. I never nap."

"Well — you know, I'm used to being on my own for hours at a time. You mustn't feel that you have to take care of me every minute."

"I don't. This is what I'm paid to do."

On Friday evening Jane asked, "Oh, by the way, Miss Smith, which day do you prefer to have off? Sunday is fine with me."

"I'm not taking a day off. The fact is that I have no place to go on a day off. I just came here from Pennsylvania and I don't have an apartment."

Her head whirling, Jane began wheeling herself away. She would be swallowed alive if she didn't do something to save herself. She wheeled herself to the kitchen. Gillian, Adeline, and the cook were all there. "May I use the office telephone, Gillian?"

"The telephone! You never called anyone before. Whom do you want to talk to?"

She couldn't get annoyed with Gillian. Everything she did stemmed from ignorance, not malice. "May I use it? Is there a telephone book in there?"

"Sure. I'll help you. To tell you the truth, I never saw you so jumpy before. Maybe you have spring fever." Gillian helped her along into the office, cleared a place on the cluttered desk, and gave her a local book. Some instinct made Jane turn. Miss Smith was standing in the doorway.

"No, Gillian—I want a New York book. I'd like to speak to my fiance." Instantly the familiar coyness erupted on Gillian's face. "I knew it was spring fever. You take all the time you want. I'll put the call on your account. Come on, Miss Smith. You have to give a girl some privacy when she talks to her fiance."

The awful sense of her own

To page 49

AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting August 23

ARIES
MAR. 21—APRIL 20
★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, black, white. Lucky days, Friday, Monday.
★ Beware of lovers' spats. The love goddess is in vixenish mood. The 28th could see a "friend" intriguing against you—there could be an emotional moment of truth. Try 25th or 26th for lottery luck.

TAURUS
APRIL 21—MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, blue, grey. Lucky days, Sat., Monday.
★ It can be truly said of Taureans "the more they change, the more they are the same." This conservatism could be jolted 23rd and 28th—career and status are under fire.

GEMINI
MAY 21 — JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, rose, navy. Lucky days, Sunday, Monday.
★ That department of your life which concerns marriage is very busy—and what Geminian doesn't like a touch of bustle? The stars are favorable 25th. On 23rd., 26th. beware of treachery.

CANCER
JUNE 22 — JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, green, blue. Lucky days, Thurs., Friday.
★ Nice things happen to lighten domestic chores. If a job-holder, you might find a meeting with the boss mutually fruitful. The 23rd. is bad for romance and finance; the 28th is treacherous, dangerous.

LEO
JULY 23 — AUG. 22
★ Lucky number this week 8. Gambling colors, lilac, grey. Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.
★ Although there is expansion in the personal life of many Leos, 23rd is unlucky for those born August 10-15. The 25th and 28th are fine for finance and outings.

VIRGO
AUG. 23—SEPT. 23
Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Wed., Monday.
★ You've got top billing with no less than five planets in your sign, and you begin your swinging circle. The 23rd is adverse—watch out for travel mishap. Romance blossoms.

LIBRA
SEPT. 24 — OCT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, red, blue. Lucky days, Thurs., Tuesday.
★ You'll need to watch your bank balance. Loss is possible 23rd, and monetary embroilment, 28th. Otherwise propitious portents, especially 25th, 26th. 28th.

SCORPIO
OCT. 24 — NOV. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, green, brown. Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.
★ Someone could be sniping at your image on the 26th. Anyhow you are a born geiger-counter and you'll find out! Good stars prevail, favoring real estate, home concerns.

SAGITTARIUS
NOV. 23 — DEC. 21
★ Lucky numbers this week, 1. Gambling colors, orange, tan. Lucky days, Monday, Tuesday.
★ You're usually full of brainwaves and can often see more than most. You can capitalise on your talents this week and blast-off to a happy splashdown, 24th-31st.

CAPRICORN
DEC. 22 — JAN. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, red, yellow. Lucky days, Wed., Friday.
★ If you intend to dabble in real estate, don't — until next week. The 23rd is upsetting— you could tangle with a friend— and the 28th is a mini trouble spot.

AQUARIUS
JAN. 21 — FEB. 19.
★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, blue, white. Lucky days, Sunday, Monday.
★ A week to lie low, to stick to unspectacular routine. Any new thing will have an unhappy horoscope. Beware of a forked tongue on the 28th. The 23rd is also adverse—try nothing new.

PISCES
FEB. 20 — MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, pink, navy. Lucky days, Thursday, Tues.
★ Happy focus on your niche in life — your status, career, and ambitions. Your stocks rise with your popularity. But the 23rd and 28th are sinister and bad for legal concerns.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

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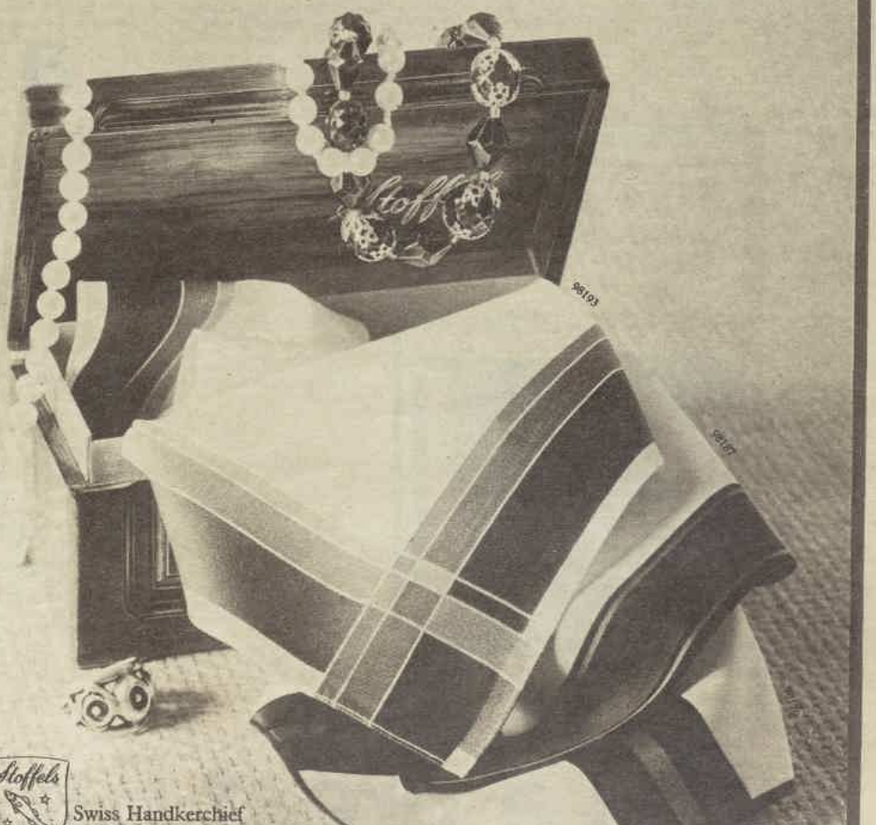

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Dennis sold papers: $3.15.

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Benny gave a big smile.

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and a great Father's Day.

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A WORLD OF STRANGERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47

helplessness was creeping up on her again. But even as she wondered what to do, her fingers were turning the pages. Bentley, Bernstein, Berquist. Fortunately, it was not a common name.

What now? Thank him for the gift? She had already sent him a note—at least, she had written one and given it to Miss Smith. She would wish him a pleasant weekend in Washington. Her fingers trembling faintly, she dialled.

"Mr. Berquist's answering service," a voice said.

CLEARING her throat, she asked, "I'd like to speak to Mr. Berquist."

"He's out of town. Would you like to leave a message?"

Stupidly she said, "No, thank you," and hung up. Without warning, the door opened. "Miss Wallcutt? Are you all right?"

"I'm fine. I'm not through yet, Miss Smith."

"I think you ought to go to bed. If you have difficulty sleeping, I'm sure the doctor could prescribe some sedative —"

"I don't want a sedative!" The sharpness in her voice made Miss Smith lift one eyebrow. It was the word "sedative" that had brought it out. Suppose the nurse introduced a narcotic, a drug of some sort, into her food that could — No, she wouldn't kill her. But she might give her something to produce hallucinations, bring on behavioural oddities.

"I have to make another call, Miss Smith. Would you mind shutting the door?" The intense eyes examined her for a moment, and then the nurse said mildly, "Of course, Miss Wallcutt."

Jane riffled through the pages until she found Howard Chalmers' number.

He answered, and then she went through the preliminaries, glancing at the door now and then. Finally she said, "I was wondering where you got — that is, who recommended the nurse."

"Why? Isn't she satisfactory?"

"Uh, yes, of course," she answered automatically. "Well, that is . . . what I mean is . . . who recommended her?"

"I was the one who told Dr. Stires about her, my dear. He called to tell me that your other nurse simply walked off, and asked if I wanted to get someone else or leave it to him. Well, it just so happened I was going out to dinner that night and I knew there would be several people present who had needed the services of a nurse in the past. So I brought the subject up and got the name of this woman and—"

"Do you know who gave you the name?"

"Well, it was a large group of people, and I can't—"

"Did he or she give you the name of the agency?"

"No, let me see . . . who was it? Anyway, whoever it was called the agency themselves and had her sent over. Why all the questions, Jane? What's wrong?"

"I . . . if I could see you . . ."

"Certainly, my dear. I have several things on this weekend, but if it's an emergency . . ."

"Oh, no, it's not an emergency. But I'd love to see you."

"I look forward to seeing you next week, my dear. I'll call before I come. What would you like me to bring you?"

"Nothing. I just want to see you."

"How flattering you are to an old man! You're sure you don't want me to drop everything and come up this weekend?"

Of course she did. He must know she did. Dully she said, "No. Come as soon as it's convenient."

She pushed the door open and Miss Smith was right there, making no pretence of not having waited for her. There was no doubt she had heard all the inquiries about the nurse.

The following week limped along interminably. Jane found herself waking just before dawn, dreading the long day ahead of her. At some point in the morning she would make up her mind that she would insist upon having Miss Smith fired, but when the doctor arrived in the late afternoon she would find it easier to do nothing than go through the process of convincing him. Besides, Miss Smith never left them and always did all the talking.

By the end of the week Jane was staying up later and later in order not to have to go back to the annex with Miss Smith. With the rest of the dull-eyed patients she would read or watch any television show. One evening she picked up the newspaper and tried to pin her attention on it. She half-digested some information about a strike, city politics, the war, and then, on a back page, a small item caught her attention: BODY OF WOMAN FOUND BY BOYS.

Unreasoningly her heart began to thud as she read on. The body, unclothed, had been found in a river in Virginia. Virginia? The story had no connection with what she had been thinking. Why would "they" drive all the way to Virginia to dispose of the body? So that it wouldn't be connected with anyone up here, that's why.

She read on. The woman had been aged anywhere from twenty-five to thirty-five, and not identified. Cause of death had not as yet been determined.

By Saturday morning Jane still hadn't heard from Howard Chalmers. In addition, she had no idea whether Austin intended visiting her or not. When she went into the dining-room for lunch, she asked Gillian if there had been any calls for her.

"Calls?" Gillian repeated absently. "Yes, you did get one. I sent Adeline out — didn't she get you?"

"No," Jane said.

Miss Smith came into the dining-room, and Jane said, "Did Adeline tell you there was a telephone call for me?"

"Telephone call?" the nurse repeated slowly, glancing at Gillian as though wondering what she had said. "Oh — yes. From Mr. Chalmers. You were lying in the sun and I know how determined you are to get that suntan of yours, so I took it."

"Then why didn't you tell me he had called?"

"Didn't I? I thought I had. Anyway, it wasn't important. He asked how you were and if you still wanted to see him, and I said it wasn't necessary —"

"You said *what*?" She noted the rising hysteria in her own voice and tried to control it. "Wasn't that something for *me* to decide?" she continued more softly.

"He was obviously reluctant to make the trip. Even if you are sick, you wouldn't want to be an imposition."

"Imposition!" Jane exploded. "Perhaps what you really mean, Miss Smith, is that I'm an imposition to you, in which case —"

Despite Gillian's protests, Jane wheeled herself out into the hall. Instantly she heard the familiar footsteps behind her. She stopped and turned. "Miss Smith," she said calmly, "I'm not a small child. Nor an idiot. I can be trusted alone — for a short period, anyway."

"Of course," Miss Smith said soothingly, in a voice one might reserve for a child or an idiot. "I only wanted to see if you were all right. You looked so distraught —"

Jane wheeled herself away in the middle of the sentence. She went to the office and dialled Austin's number.

"Mr. Berquist's answering service."

She thought she would scream. Slowly she asked, "May I have Mr. Berquist's office number, please?"

"I don't have that information."

"Do you know where I can reach him?"

"I'm sorry, I don't."

"I'd like to leave a message. It's very urgent. He's to call Miss Wallcutt."

When she had hung up, she went out into the hall again. She saw a movement around the door and was sure Miss Smith had been listening. Going down the ramp, she wheeled herself to a sunny spot and sat there, looking at nothing in particular. It was silly, she knew, but she had decided to remain within earshot of the telephone even if it meant not going back to the annex all day. Not that she had any clear idea of what she would say to him.

By late afternoon she was hungry, but since she had voluntarily refused lunch, she didn't think it would be fair to ask the cook or Gillian to fix anything for her now. The nurse didn't come near her once, and she wondered uneasily if she was sitting near the telephone, waiting to pounce. She had heard it ring several times, but no one had called her.

"You're going to be the color of an Indian if you don't look out." It was the doctor.

She glanced down at herself. "I think it looks good," she said listlessly.

"Why didn't you have lunch?"

"Who tattled?"

"It's your nurse's job to tattle."

"I didn't feel hungry. No, I was upset."

He sat down. "OK. Tell me."

"I was anxious to hear from Mr. Chalmers. And then when he called the nurse took it and never told me about it."

"Yes, she told me. She said you reacted rather strongly. Call him again."

"He'll be out now. I know it. A day like this. And anyway, she said he didn't want to visit me—"

"What?"

"I mean, she made it sound so awful — as though I were a nuisance and he wouldn't want to waste a day coming here."

"Jane, do you know what you're talking about? I don't."

She looked up at him, almost pleadingly, and he moved closer and took her hand. "Tell me slowly. What's the matter?"

"Please . . ." She swallowed and tried again. "It sounds unreasonable, I know. But I can't stand her. Could you please get rid of Miss Smith?"

He kept looking down at her hand and wouldn't meet her eyes. Finally he said, "Miss Smith said you might suggest that."

"Oh." She shut her eyes and little lights danced in the darkness. She knew she ought to eat something. "And since she told you first, it takes all the significance out of anything I might say."

"All right — tell me what's wrong with her."

She had rehearsed this conversation so many times in her own mind, she knew exactly what he would say. "Our personalities clash. She makes my skin crawl. She never leaves me alone."

"That's what a nurse is for."

"Do you realise that this is the first time she's allowed us to speak together since she arrived — and that's only because I finally told her to keep away?"

"Take it easy. Suppose you don't like the next nurse; then what do we do?"

"I liked Zee."

"Zee was here when you came out of — she was part of the only world you knew. Like a baby and its mother. It doesn't question its mother. But Miss Smith is a new experience."

"Oh, what's the use? Doctor—" She thought of asking him to tell the police about the body found in the water in Virginia, but she changed her mind.

"Would you like something to eat?"

She looked into his kind eyes and was afraid that her own ever-ready tears might spill out. "Yes." She tried to laugh, but it sounded like a sob. "I'm starved."

He went off, and in a short time Adeline arrived with a cheese sandwich, milk and an apple. Kirk passed by and invited her to the greenhouse and Marlene invited her to the birdhouse, but she refused them both, afraid to leave her post. The food and the attention cheered her up, however, and she felt less alone. There *were* people who cared, even if they were people like Kirk and Marlene.

The next time the telephone rang, she heard Gillian calling her. She almost overturned the wheelchair in her hurry to get indoors. Miss Smith appeared from one of the rooms to help her and she was terrified that the nurse would find some way to stop her. "I'm coming," she called several times.

"You'll hurt yourself, Miss Wallcutt," the nurse said solicitously. "And don't shout so. You're upsetting the other patients."

The "other" patients. She moved more slowly, chilled at the reminder that she was akin to Bonnie, for instance. The nurse wheeled her into the office and she said, "Thank you," and waited. When Miss Smith left, she pushed the door shut.

"Jane? It's Austin. What's wrong? You said it was urgent."

UNTIL this moment it had seemed to her that all her troubles would be over the moment she heard his voice, but now she didn't know what to say.

"I feel a little silly — I mean, saying it was urgent. I just — well — I hadn't heard from you in two weeks, and it was so dull around here, and the new nurse—" All her efforts to sound light fell flat. "I just can't stand the nurse."

"I see." His voice was neutral.

He was like the doctor. She couldn't reach him. Anything she said would make it worse.

"Oh, well. What I really wanted to say was thank you for the present. I love it. I also like Gladys Valentine. I must get her address. Oh, by the way, what made you think I might need a St. Christopher medal?

"Were you planning on visiting me this weekend?"

"Well, no, not this weekend. The Greer case is coming up — what did you say?"

"You—you absolutely can't —"

"Well, do you want me to be a success or don't you? I really ought to go over all this paperwork — What's wrong?"

She was crying, and she was afraid he would think she was doing it deliberately, asking for pity. "I'm sorry. I know you think I'm neurotic. I'll be all right."

"Listen," he said, his voice suddenly businesslike. "Can you wait until next week? I'll pick you up on Saturday as soon as I can get away, and you can stay at my mother's house for a while. I don't know what's wrong, but maybe you can use a change."

"Oh . . ." She nearly lost her breath, and then the sobs became worse. "I couldn't impose on your mother—"

"Get yourself packed — I mean, tell your nurse to pack — and tell her she's coming, too."

"My nurse? She'll be coming?"

"Well, you need someone, don't you? Besides, I want to get a look at her. If I see anything wrong, we'll get rid of her. I'll pick you both up in the early afternoon."

"Suppose your mother—"

"You know my mother — Oh, I forgot, you don't. She'll be delighted. She's suggested it several times, but I wasn't sure you were ready."

To page 52

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff — by TIM

Tan in bed!
with Q.T. quick tanning lotion by Coppertone, tans on the beach too

Him bad boy yesterday . . .

Heap good Indian today . . .

"Yesterday", says this Indian's mother, "Billy was so grumpy. Squabbled with his playmates, and annoyed everyone. I reckoned he needed a laxative and gave him Laxettes last night. Today, he's fighting fit again."

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A WORLD OF STRANGERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49

She couldn't bear breaking the connection. Desperate for a topic, she asked, "Did you get my letter?"

"What letter?"

Another confirmation of her fears. Trying to keep her voice calm, she said, "I sent you a thank-you note for the medal. I gave it to Miss Smith to mail."

"Well," he said finally, "you know those small post offices. Anyway, what's the point? I mean, in not mailing it? She knew you could contact me on the phone."

"Well — it was rather difficult to get you. I mean, you're not home very much."

"Why don't you ask her if she mailed it?"

"No. That is, if she did not mail it, she wouldn't admit it, would she?"

"Well . . . I'll see you next week."

She wheeled herself out into the hall and found Miss Smith waiting for her.

"I thought perhaps you might need me to get ready for dinner."

"Miss Smith," she said, trying to keep her voice neutral, "I've been invited to visit my fiance's mother's house next Saturday. Of course, if you would prefer not to go . . ."

"I'd be delighted, Miss Wallcutt. I think a change of scene would suit both of us."

Jane glanced at her quickly. Uneasily she realised that the nurse didn't seem to be against the idea.

. . . .

Either Mrs. Berquist had planned a party for her or it was the kind of house where people dropped in. When they turned up the driveway, she saw seven or eight parked cars.

She felt nervous as Austin picked her up and went to the door. Behind them came Miss Smith, carrying two suitcases.

A young girl who was wearing an ordinary house-dress instead of a uniform opened the door. She was as uneasy as Jane as she said, "Hello, Mr. Austin. They're all in the back."

Austin put Jane on a bench in the entrance hall for a moment, and she examined the stone floor, the curving staircase, and the large living-room beyond while he showed Miss Smith the downstairs bedroom.

"Well?" he asked when he returned. "Does it strike a chord? Do you remember it?"

"No," Jane said. "I don't remember. I'm sorry."

so glad you're here at last." As Austin put her down, one of the women, hands outstretched, bent and kissed her. "I told that son of mine I wanted to visit you, but he insisted that you see me in my natural setting the first time. He wanted to jog your memory." She laughed. "Somehow it doesn't look jogged."

"No. I'm sorry."

"And you're Miss Smith," Mrs. Berquist went on, shaking the nurse's hand.

JANE had expected Austin's mother to be a "well - preserved-looking" woman with a neat figure and grey hair. The grey hair was there, but otherwise she was round and middle-aged. Her face had been pretty once, but she had done nothing to keep it that way. Austin's father, however, was more in keeping with her preconceived picture of a tall distinguished-looking man. "It's very nice to see you, Jane. How does it feel to be back in the world?"

"Lovely. Absolutely lovely."

When she saw the cars Jane had been afraid she would have to meet a great many strangers, but Mrs. Berquist had invited the Dickinsons, Gladys Valentine, and Howard Chalmers, as well as a few people she didn't remember. There were also Austin's sister and her husband, whose existence Jane hadn't suspected.

Mr. Berquist offered her a Martini, but it was warm in the late-afternoon sun and she saw something in a tall, frosted glass. "I wonder . . . could I have one of those?"

He seemed surprised, but he went to get her one.

"If you'd like to change, Miss Smith," Mrs. Berquist said pleasantly, "Karen will show you to your room."

Miss Smith, who had seated herself behind Jane, not quite a guest and not quite a servant, said, "I'm fine, Mrs. Berquist."

Evidently, Austin had told his mother about Jane's aversion to her nurse. Firmly Mrs. Berquist said, "Then perhaps you'd like to get Miss Wallcutt's clothing unpacked."

The nurse looked up, her strange, opaque eyes on Mrs. Berquist. "Certainly," she said finally.

"Your drink, Jane." It was Austin.

"Oh, I'm sorry — I didn't see—"

"You say, 'I'm sorry' once

"It's a Mister C. Columbus! Something about a loan . . ."

He picked her up again and carried her through the living-room. Outdoors, past the french windows, there was a stone terrace with chairs and tables. A number of people, casually dressed in a wild array of cottons, although it was only April, were sitting around drinking. Jane had asked Miss Smith to have the green wool dress and coat taken in and shortened, but the nurse had been unable to find a dressmaker. She also had been unsuccessful in finding a hairdresser.

"Janie, how marvellous you look! What a lovely tan! I'm

more and I'll pop you."

She laughed. "This drink is heavenly. What is it?"

"Planter's Punch." He was watching her with odd intentness. Confused, she turned away and began listening to the conversations around her.

"The talk of a plot was utter nonsense," her guardian was saying. "It was just one crackpot."

"Of course you're right," Austin's brother-in-law, Wilson, agreed. "A lot of people are killed senselessly by people who should be in hospitals."

Liz Dickinson disagreed. "You're ignoring a great many things that weren't explained. When some people have a theory, they discard all the facts that tend to refute it."

Listening to them, Jane thought how alike their voices sounded—deep, clipped, well enunciated. She shut her eyes in order to see if she could tell which one was talking. Only Gladys Valentine sounded different.

"How have you been getting along since I saw you last?" Gladys was asking her.

"Fine. Well, not really. I must be one of those chronic malcontents who are never satisfied. Incidentally, I tried to call you once but couldn't find your name in the book."

"Was there something in particular you wanted to tell me?"

"Well, no. I just wanted to ask you to visit me."

"Tell me what's bothering you."

It struck her as odd that Gladys didn't offer to give her the telephone number. Just then Austin returned with a dish containing food. She was reluctant to discuss it with him around, but Gladys persisted. "What was your problem?"

"Her nurse," Austin said, glanced at Gladys as though some private understanding existed between them. Suddenly Jane wondered if Gladys was a friend of Austin's rather than of hers. A person without a memory could be told anything.

"Maybe she *is* a little annoying" Austin was saying. "I mean about sticking around just now. But all those so-called practical nuries tend to be peculiar."

Jane felt strangely light-headed. Turning to Austin, she said, "Oh, I know you're tired of my—uh—sessions — I mean, obsessions—but there's something I have to talk to you about. Have they found Zee yet?"

"I haven't heard anything."

"You mean no one's checked or—no, why should they?"

"Why?" It was Gladys.

"Oh, my first nurse left me, you know. And, well, I . . . I read a story in the newspaper about a woman's body being found — a woman of about Zee's age. And, well — I guess I'm morbid."

"Where was this body?" Austin asked.

"Well, that's the catch." She took another swallow of the drink. "But if I were hiding a body, I'd do the same thing. I'd take it as far from the scene of the crime as possible. It was fished up in Virginia."

"Virginia!"

"It's possible. I wish — I want to call Zee's sister and check—"

"I'm sure the police are doing whatever is necessary."

"Yes, but you might mention the body in Virginia. There might be some way to identify it."

A woman's figure came around the side of the house, and Mrs. Berquist, rising, said, "Ellis! How nice!"

"I saw all those cars," the newcomer said, "and I was thirsty, so I decided to invite myself in for a drink."

"You can invite yourself to more than that. Stay for dinner. Come and meet everyone." Mrs. Berquist led the newcomer to Jane. Dressed in crisp, clean-looking golfing clothes, the woman called Ellis was small and slim and had dark hair. Her eyes seemed to be permanently narrowed, as though constantly appraising the world. "I want you to meet Ellis Hamden. Jane Wallcutt."

Jane put down her drink and tried to see the woman more clearly. "I know Mrs. Hamden," she said.

"What?" Mrs. Berquist stared at her, but the other woman didn't appear to have heard. She had moved on to the others.

Puzzled, Jane was saying, "I guess I must have seen her somewhere since the accident. Or maybe she reminded me of someone." Mrs. Berquist, Austin, and Gladys all were staring at her.

Irritably Austin said, "Of all the people here, Ellis Hamden is the last one I'd expect you to remember. She's just some divorcee Mother met at the club."

"Well, I can't help it. I get these flashes of recognition sometimes when I see a certain face or a color — or even when I catch a certain odor . . ."

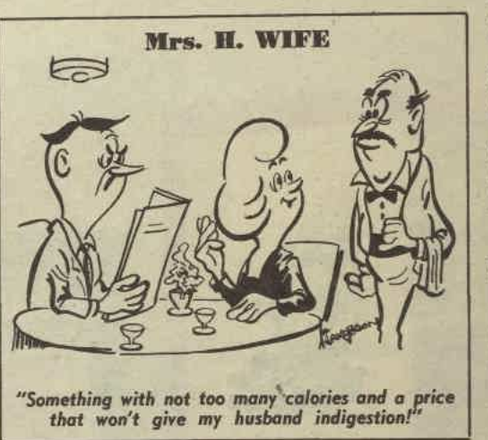
Jane's St. Christopher's medal, and accidentally his cheek brushed hers.

Suddenly, without warning, she burst into sobs.

She was clutching the child uncontrollably, and the little boy, alarmed, struggled to free himself, but she couldn't let go.

Getting up quickly, Austin tried to loosen her hold, while his sister clucked nervously, "Corky, stop that. Stop acting so silly," although all Corky was doing was trying to get down. Finally Austin disengaged the boy, and his mother hustled him off. Then, without warning, Austin lifted Jane in his arms and carried her inside the house.

It was cool and dark after the terrace. She had controlled the sobs, but she couldn't answer. It was all over now. They would take her back to



"Something with not too many calories and a price that won't give my husband indigestion!"

"You look a lot better than you did the last time I saw you." It was Howard Chalmers. Sitting down beside her, he went on: "I wanted to come up and visit you again, my dear, but your nurse made me feel that you preferred not to have an old man around."

"It's not true! I wanted to see you very badly. I can't tell you . . . I was so depressed last week."

"You should have called."

"Well, I tried. But anyway, I'm so glad to be here with you all."

A large dog came bounding out on the lawn, sniffing at everyone. Jane reached down and patted him, and instantly he settled beside her, nuzzling her hand.

"Look!" Mrs. Berquist said. "Schubert remembers Jane."

Lazily, Austin drawled, "He'd go to a cross-eyed beggar with three feet if he were petted."

"Oh, how flattering you are!" It was Ellis Hamden.

Austin looked at her uncomprehendingly for a moment, and then he grinned. "Jane does have a problem with her eyes — don't you pet?"

It was the first endearing term she remembered hearing him use, and she was just turning to him when her attention was distracted by two children who arrived several hundred yards behind the dog.

"Jane, these are Patty's children," Mrs. Berquist said to her.

She saw a boy of about four and a girl of about seven. Unselfconsciously they approached the group on the terrace and stared at Jane's legs. Evidently, they had been warned.

"You got legs," the little boy said in surprise. "Why can't you walk?"

In a loud, clear voice the girl said, "It's not polite to discuss things like that."

"I was hurt in an accident."

"Wassanaccident?" the little boy asked.

"Come here. I'll tell you." He came without hesitation, and she lifted him on to her lap. He reached up to grab

the hospital and leave her there with Miss Smith. She couldn't be counted on for civilised behaviour.

Austin carried her into her own room, and Miss Smith, unpacking, glanced up in surprise.

"Miss Smith," Austin said crisply, "I'd like to talk to Miss Wallcutt alone."

She hesitated a moment and then walked out, leaving the door open. Austin kicked it shut and put Jane down on the bed. He seated himself beside her and waited until he was sure she had calmed down. Then he said, "All right. What happened?"

"I don't know," she said tiredly. "It sounds impossible, but I really don't know."

"How can you not know? Think, damn it! Make your mind work."

"You're convinced it's all a matter of will, aren't you. You sound like a football coach giving the team a pep talk."

"Jane, if you won't help yourself, what can the rest of us do?"

"Nothing," she whispered. "I'm hopeless."

"Oh, shut up," he snapped. "And stop feeling so sorry for yourself."

"It was probably the drink," she said, her voice hardening. "I'm not used to liquor."

"It had to be more than that."

"Well, he was the first child I've held since . . . there were children in the fire . . ."

"Tell me everything again. I mean about those threats, your suspicions . . ."

"Why? You'll just consider me paranoid."

"Miss Wallcutt," the nurse said, opening the door without knocking. "Dinner is ready. Mrs. Berquist wanted to know if you—"

"Tell Mrs. Berquist to start without us," Austin snapped. "And please don't come in without knocking, Miss Smith."

Slowly the blood rose to her face. She stared at him unbelievingly. "Mr. Berquist, I'm not accustomed—"

"A patient is entitled to privacy, Miss Smith."

"I've never been spoken to in this manner in my whole life."

"Miss Wallcutt has never been treated this way in her whole life. She is a normal adult, in spite of her inability to walk. And you've been treating her like a child. It's inexcusable."

"I didn't realise I was treating her like a child." Miss Smith said, and her voice was emotionless again. It was obvious she had decided not to take offence. Turning quietly she went out.

When she was gone, Austin said, "All right. Tell me about the threats against your life."

She went through it slowly, trying to speak matter-of-factly and unhysterically, but she must have played it down too much, because when she was through he said, puzzled, "You sound so casual. Although—well, as though you were telling me about a dream."

She shut her eyes. "If I act emotionally, everyone says I'm sick. If I act calm, everyone says it couldn't have happened. I can't win."

When she opened her eyes she saw that he was grinning. "You sure do have it tough," he said unsympathetically. Then: "What made you think you knew Ellis Hamden?"

"I'm not sure any more."

He didn't pursue it, but asked instead, "Did you like her or dislike her?"

She hesitated, wondering what the question meant. She had to be honest, no matter how unbalanced it made her appear. "I hated her."

Matter-of-factly he said, "I'm not overly fond of her myself."

"Why?"

"I don't know."

"See?" she said triumphantly. "It's possible to have an inexplicable feeling."

"Well, actually I do know. She's cold and unemotional." He stood up. "Let's go down to dinner."

"Oh, I can't. Please . . ."

"For Pete's sake, you can't hide for ever."

"It would be too embarrassing. I made such a fool of myself. And poor little Corky terrified him."

"He's forgotten it already. And stop hiding behind a little boy. Listen, are you going to try to behave like a mature woman and get out of this—whatever it is you're stuck in—or are you going to be a recluse ostrich for the rest of your life?"

SHE wanted to stamp her feet and shout with frustration, but she was afraid that if she gave in to the whim she might never be given another chance.

"All right. I'll go down. Call Miss Smith, please."

She shut her eyes tiredly, afraid of being alone with the nurse, afraid of his displeasure.

And then something incredible was happening. It was unexpected that at first the sensation was unrecognisable. She had no intimation of it until she smelled the faint mixture of tobacco and alcohol, and she felt something strange on her lips. His arm encircled her, lifting her off the pillow and against his chest. A force she couldn't remember made her entwine her arms, almost against his will, around his neck. A curtain in her mind twitched and lost, in a torrent that flooded her mind, she whispered, "George. George."

For a moment nothing much happened. And then, as though the words had just caught up with his brain, he jerked back and dropped her on to the pillows.

"What did you say?" he asked incredulously.

She blinked and tried to clear her mind. "Wh-when?"

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A WORLD OF STRANGERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52

"Just now, damn it. You called me George."

"George?" she repeated, puzzled. "You're sure?"

He stood up and went to the wall switch, flooding the room with light. Gradually the anger dried up. He frowned, bit his lip, and stared at her.

"You have lipstick on your mouth," she said.

He put his hand to his mouth and unexpectedly grinned. "Where else should it be? Let's have dinner."

They came into the dining-room and she could see all the faces, blurred ovals, turn in their direction. Not knowing whether it would be better to ignore her own behaviour or apologise for it, she decided it would be acting less like an ostrich if she said immediately, "I'm sorry for my outburst. I guess I'm going to be unpredictable until I get my memory back."

"Remember how I kept bursting into tears after Corky was born?" Patty said to her husband, and the subject was dropped.

Jane was seated between Mr. Berquist and Austin's brother-in-law. Austin was at Mrs. Berquist's end of the table, talking to Liz, and Gladys was laughing at the remark of a man Jane didn't know. Evidently, Miss Smith was in the kitchen with the children. Ellis Hamden was seated opposite Jane.

She leaned across the table and said, "Miss Wallcutt, I'd like you to be my guest at a fashion lunch we're having at the club on Monday."

"A fashion lunch?" Jane repeated.

"Yes. I know Mrs. Berquist wants you to enjoy your visit. And, of course, Austin will be at work."

The implication was that Ellis was willing to take her off Mrs. Berquist's hands for one afternoon.

Jane glanced down the table and caught Austin's eye, as she was sure she would. Even before he spoke, she knew what he wanted her to do.

"Why don't you go?" he asked lazily, as though it didn't really matter. "You'd enjoy it."

And yet he knew she disliked the woman. Trying to sound enthusiastic, she said, "Thank you. I'd love to go. How will I get to the club?"

"It's just down the road," Mrs. Berquist said. "Miss Smith can wheel you there."

"Yes, certainly," Ellis Hamden said. "Miss Smith is invited, too."

Jane was aware of several things: silent communication between two or more people, and a strong tension in someone.

. . . .

She had always enjoyed fashion shows, she told herself (although unsure how she knew this); then why was this one so unpleasant? It wasn't the fault of the clothing, which was a wild collection of patio pyjamas, shifts, and swimsuits that she liked, but of the people. They answered her questions but never addressed a remark to her, and when they did speak, their eyes never met hers. Miss Smith, in a starched white uniform, sat beside her, talking to no one. She had never supposed that a luncheon engagement could be so depressing. Outdoors she could see a bright terrace surrounded by daffodils, and in the distance people playing golf. The pool was still empty but evidently had just been painted; it shone a vivid green in the sunlight.

What was wrong with her? Was she doomed to despondency for the rest of her life?

SUDDENLY the women were all standing, saying goodbye to one another, collecting cigarette packs and gloves. Jane put on her suit jacket and Miss Smith began wheeling her out. "Thank you so much," she said to her hostess. "I enjoyed it tremendously."

"I'll walk back to the house with you."

The two women got the wheelchair down the steps and began pushing it along the driveway. Jane felt hot, and the breeze was too warm to cool her.

"Would you like to walk around and look at the club?" Ellis asked politely.

"No, thank you. I feel a bit tired."

"Of course. We'll go straight back."

Unexpectedly, Miss Smith said, "I would love to look at the pool. It's such a pretty one."

"I prefer to go straight back, Miss Smith."

Gently Ellis interfered. "It won't take a minute."

Feeling ridiculous, not even admitting to herself the fear that was making her stubborn, Jane said, "I would really like to go straight back, please."

"Very well," Miss Smith said pleasantly. "Perhaps I can see it another time."

Jane, who had expected more of a fight, glanced at her in surprise. As she looked up she caught an exchange of glances between the two women. She felt puzzled instead of relieved, as though she had done something they expected her to. You're sick, she told herself.

Most of the cars had driven off by now, and quiet had descended on the flat countryside. As they came on to the highway she caught a gleam of chromium among the bushes on the other side of the road, and she wondered why a car was parked there.

Again not consciously admitting fear, she, nevertheless, found her hands tightening on the arms of the chair, and she couldn't stop the thumping of the artery in her neck. A car swept by and she noticed the rate of speed. It was a straight stretch of road, and the car appeared to be doing about sixty. Miss Smith seemed to be pushing her quite near the macadam instead of along the shoulder. Turning nervously, she saw the parked car was still there, but was distracted by the sight of the figure of a woman walking down the club driveway. "I think we're too far out."

"It's hard to push the chair on the soft dirt," Miss Smith said patiently, and went on discussing gardens with Ellis Hamden.

Jane turned again as she heard another car behind them. Miss Smith and Ellis Hamden paid no attention to it. The car approached at a fantastic rate of speed, the motor roared and then the car swept by. Jane noticed that her knuckles were white and she opened her hands. I've got to be ready to jump, she told herself. And immediately afterward came the censor, telling her she was sick.

The woman on the driveway was crossing the road now, and from the distance Jane saw her head toward the car parked in the bushes. Probably a golfer — since she hadn't known when the game would end, and afraid she would get stuck by the luncheon-crowd cars, she had parked across the road. Jane was so busy explaining the woman to herself, she didn't hear the distant purr of another car coming from behind. In the meantime, the woman got into her car, started it up, and waited for the approaching car to pass.

The new one was coming on fast, Jane noticed a trifle too late. At that moment Miss Smith gave an exclamation, as though she had stumbled, and suddenly Jane's chair spun out straight into the path of the approaching car. In spite of all her suspicions, she was totally unprepared to help herself. She screamed and clutched the arms of the chair, instead of jumping as she had planned.

She heard the air-splitting crash, waited for the shock of impact, and felt nothing except herself skidding straight across the road. She turned, completely confused, and saw a scene that made no sense. The car that had been in the bushes was demolished. The car that had been approaching so fast had a smashed fender and was turned diagonally across the road. Apparently, however, the engine was undamaged, because, as she watched, the motor roared back to life, and in a moment it was gone. All she could see was that the driver was blond.

She couldn't understand what had happened. Then she caught sight of the woman in golfing clothes and scarf picking herself up off the ground and brushing off her skirt. Calmly, she approached Jane. "Are you all right?"

Jane was afraid she was going to faint. "Gladys—how . . . what . . ."

The other two were both talking at once. "I don't know what happened. I tripped over a stone and the chair got away—"

"How fortunate that Miss Valentine happened to be in the bushes! What quick thinking!"

"I can't tell you how sorry I am. I simply lost control of the chair."

"Don't think about it. It wasn't your fault. Anyway, it all turned out well. Miss Valentine, I must congratulate you on your quick —"

But Gladys' calm voice interrupted. "We'd better call the police and get a tow truck out here. We have to get out a description of the hit-and-run—"

"Oh, did you get the licence number?" Ellis asked. "I'm afraid I was too upset to notice."

"No," Gladys said. "I was sitting on the ground and didn't get up in time."

"That's too bad," Miss Smith contributed. "I didn't see it, either."

"How did you happen to be here, Miss Valentine?" Ellis persisted.

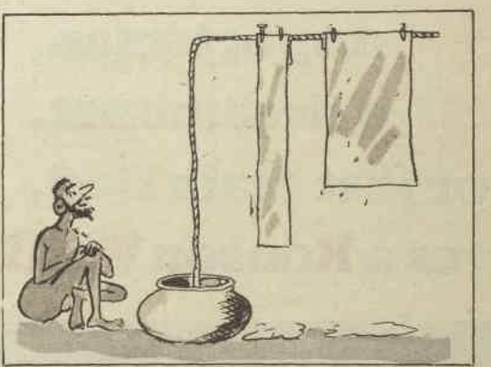
"I was passing by, and I remembered the fashion lunch and decided to stop and say hello to Jane."

"Passing by?"

"Yes. I'm on vacation and I was going to my aunt's house. She happens to live near here."

Cars were beginning to stop. Heads popped out of windows and questions came flying from every direction. Gladys sent one man to contact the police and another to get a tow truck.

Soon they heard a police siren in the distance, and in a moment two uniformed policemen were questioning Gladys. She suggested that they get Jane back to the house and talk there, and one of the policemen lifted her into the police car. Jane insisted that Gladys accompany her, and the nurse and



Ellis walked back with the wheelchair.

The next few hours remained a complete jumble in Jane's mind. She had a muddled impression of questions, answers, Mrs. Berquist clucking with concern, telephones ringing, uniforms passing in front of her. But at one point Miss Smith had started to take her to bed, and she had said flatly, "No."

"Now, Miss Wallcutt, you're upset. I'll give you something to calm your nerves."

"You're fired."

"I'm . . . what did you say?"

"You're fired."

"Now, Miss Wallcutt." Had that been Ellis Hamden's voice? "You're not yourself. Naturally. But try not to blame Miss Smith for the accident."

"Please go away, Mrs. Hamden." Had she really said that? The narrow face surrounded by the dark hair had swum in front of her eyes for a moment and then it had bobbed away, lost in the crowd.

"How will you get along?" That had been Miss Smith again. "It isn't easy getting nurses at a moment's notice. You can't impose on Mrs. Berquist—"

"I'll help out." That had been Gladys, the one unmoving object in all that weaving tumult. "I'll stay with her for a while."

"You can't dismiss me at a moment's notice—"

"I'll give you a month's pay." And then Miss Smith, too, was submerged, swallowed by the passing throngs.

In her semi-somnolent state, she had apparently come to a decision. She was going to disappear for a while so that no one would be able to find her. Ignoring Mrs. Berquist's pleas, she had told Gladys to rent a car and take her back to the hospital. Once there, she would pack, remain for the night, and take off in the morning with the only one she could trust — Gladys. Afterward, she would hire a nurse-companion, a complete stranger.

She was going to run away from Austin, Miss Smith, Ellis Hamden, the blond man with the accent, bullets from the woods, voices in the night, everything and everyone she knew.

. . . . .

She had been searching for something. It was desperately important that she find it, and yet, for some reason, she had become disoriented and stopped looking. Her mind was muddled, and instead of continuing with her quest, she had lain down in confusion and mistaken it for peace. The dreadful part of her negligence was that if she didn't find whatever it was immediately, it would be too late. Perhaps it was already too late.

What had happened? Had years passed or just a few hours? Was this the same day she had come back from the Berquists?

She had to hurry, get there before it was too late. Get where? Too late for what? Perhaps it was all a dream. There were so many times, she wasn't sure if she was dreaming or remembering.

What was that smell?

Surely, long ago, she had smelled something like it. The thought made her afraid; it was connected with horror.

She could hear a cricket chirping outside her window. That meant . . . yes, of course, she was back at the hospital. She would leave tomorrow. Gladys was in the next room, and as soon as it was daylight they would pack and register under different names somewhere, a place where the evil couldn't follow.

What was that smell?

She heard an odd sound — a snap, as if someone had broken a twig. Then another, followed by a whispering, yet crisp rustling, like rain on dry leaves. She wished it would go away. She was so tired. Then came a steady sizzling, and suddenly, without warning, she was no longer blind. She could see a light.

It was on floor level, and it flickered unsteadily for an instant before shooting up.

Like a dream that seems to take years but actually flashes through the mind in the moment of awakening, the mists, the memories, and the somnolence exploded into fragments. Her scream blasted through the annex. "Fire! Gladys, wake up! Fire!"

She screamed again and began thrashing on the bed. The room was filling with smoke and her throat burned. The rustling had turned to a raging crackling that came from every direction at once. She couldn't lie here helplessly and be roasted alive. She had to get off, crawl—

She reached out wildly and sent the lamp crashing. Clutching the bedside table, she pulled herself to the edge of the bed and tumbled off, sheets and blankets tangled around her. She felt a stabbing pain in her back and then the terror obliterated it. The rug had caught. She wasn't going to make it.

Then she was on her feet, running.

The french windows were locked. Behind her the whole room was in flames, and the fiery arms reached out and touched her cheek. She tore the draperies aside and, turning wildly, caught sight of the lamp on the floor. She picked up the brass base, turned aside her face, and smashed at the glass. It shattered everywhere.

She stumbled out on to the grass, almost falling. Turning back to the torrid furnace behind her, she saw something through the crackling orange parchment.

Red hair, a body clothed in something green, lying sprawled out on the floor of the adjoining room. The red wasn't the color of hair. It was the color of blood.

She was still holding the lamp, and she smashed wildly at the doors of Gladys' room. As the glass caved in, she was almost thrown back by the blaze. But with a strength that didn't seem possible she ran in, grabbed the body, and pulled it out the door. They tumbled out on to the grass.

She had a confused picture of the whole building turning into a torch. A figure in a white nightgown stood a short distance off, watching and nodding idiotically. From the main house came the sounds of running feet and voices shouting, and then everything stopped; there was only blackness.

. . . .

The sun was hot. While she had been dozing, it had moved from her chest to her legs, and she judged that it was late afternoon. Someone had put an arrangement of hothouse irises and carnations in a vase on the table beside her bed, and the fragrance scented the whole room.

"How was I to know?" the man in the sports jacket and slacks was saying. "You must admit it sounded incredible."

At the beginning she had simply nodded while he talked, but he was confusing her more and more. She had no idea what was bothering him. Of course, she knew there had been in some kind of disaster, but she couldn't connect him with it. It was hard to think. Sometimes at night she would wake up drenched in sweat, still hearing the screams, the crashing of beams, the crackling of flames, but that was only a nightmare, wasn't it?

"Voices at night. A bullet. Killers in cars. Who could believe it? That reminds me, I have bad news for you. The body in Virginia — was identified as Zee's."

What was he talking about? George used to say that if you don't understand something shut up and listen. Why "use to say"? He was probably still saying it. Yes, she was well rid of *him*.

"It was lucky you had Austin. I can't imagine who made him believe you, but he was convinced enough to hire a private detective. Did you know Gladys was a detective? They didn't even tell us about it. I still don't understand why anyone should want to kill you. Maybe we and the police can figure it out when you're feeling stronger."

Was the man a lunatic, or was she more confused than she knew?

"Even Miss Smith," he went on. "You were so right. Austin said she must have been recommended by someone, one named Hamden. I, again we don't know who knocked Gladys out, but she had against you. They didn't bother about you. They were convinced you

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A WORLD OF STRANGERS

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couldn't walk, and there must have been some personal malevolence involved. They wanted you to know exactly what was happening."

"Did you say Hamden? Ellis Hamden?" It was the only part of this chatter that meant anything to her.

"Yes. We don't know who started the fire, but Gladys told the police that there was no doubt that she and the Smith woman pushed the chair delib—"

"She was one of them. I heard them that night. I was outside the door."

"What door? Wait. Do you remember something? Perhaps I'd better get the police —"

She sat up. "The police? They're here?"

"Certainly. They've been guarding you day and night."

"No one's allowed in," a brusque voice said outside the door.

"I want to give Miss Wallcutt a book on birds." It was a woman talking. Her accent was educated.

"Hey, you, the gardener," the brusque voice said. "Clear this character out of here."

The doctor got up. "Do you think you're ready to talk to the police? It would make things so much simpler if you could just remember. Of course, I don't want you to push yourself. I'm sure in time—"

Time. She had been using time as though she owned it in infinite quantities. But the glass was emptying. She had to do something . . .

"I suppose having a horrible thing like that happen twice will set you back. Austin told me that even picking up his sister's child sent you into shock." He sat down again.

From the corner of her mind's eye she could see it peering out. If she was careful, if she went slowly, it wouldn't dart back into her subconscious again. Deliberately, cautiously, she made the effort, and there it was, out in the clearing.

She sat up. "Where's Dudley?" she whispered.

"Who's Dudley?"

"Didn't they bring him here, too?"

"There's no Dudley here."

"Isn't this a hospital? I know it doesn't look much like one—"

The man's expression stopped her. Something new was dawning on his face. Then slowly, exhaustedly, he let his breath out in one long, despairing sigh. "It's a sanatorium," he said carefully. "What's wrong, Jane?"

"Jane! Who is Jane?"

He put his face into his hands and groaned aloud. As though speaking to a third person, he said, "I'm out of my depth, I admit it. I'm way out of my depth."

"Please, I can't stand it any longer. I have to know. Where is Dudley?"

"Jane, do you know me at all?"

"I wish you wouldn't . . . I'm sorry, no, I don't."

"Dr. Stires? The name means nothing to you? The building — you're in the same building now. Do you recognise it?"

Suddenly she covered her eyes as though she had caught sight of something unbearable. Her hands moved to her ears, and her head swayed back and forth on the pillow.

He went to her in alarm. "What is it? Are you in pain?" When she didn't answer he went to the door and shouted, "Gillian Gillian! Get my bag — —" Distracted, he glanced at her, called the policeman, and dashed out. The policeman came to the door and stared at her helplessly. She lay writhing on the bed, her face contorted, as though she were in some inaccessible hell. "O it was so . . . there should be things like that . . . I never could have believed . . . please, make me forget, make me forget . . ."

The doctor was back. Sitting on the bed, he tried to hold her hands, but they twisted away. "I'll have some

FROM THE BIBLE

● ***Behold, the Lord's hand is not shortened, that it cannot save; neither his ear heavy, that it cannot hear.***

— Isaiah 59.

It was only a simple legacy but proved to be of unexpected worth

ITEM OF VALUE

BY DAN ROSS

THE FUNERAL was over and the will had been read. Now the four children and joint heirs of Mrs. Amanda Ruthven's estate lingered on in the living-room of the expensive East Side apartment.

The only son, Julian, was well known as a stage and television star, although recently he had been reduced to doing television commercials. His lack of ambition had been a sad disappointment to his mother.

Susan, the eldest daughter, was the wife of a wealthy broker. Cynthia, the red-haired one, was a popular novelist, and Grace, the youngest, was also married to a rich man and known for her leadership of charity benefits. They all had one thing in common, their mother had disapproved of every one of them.

Susan smiled coldly at the others. "It is strange mother was so generous with us in the end. I know she didn't like me and she often spoke her mind about the rest of you."

Julian, handsome, easy-going, and without purpose, spoke from his stand before the fireplace, saying: "All of you are better fixed financially than me. Yet she gave the three of you twice what she left me."

"Still, you got thousands," Cynthia, the novelist, drawled. "Don't be greedy!"

Grace, the charitable one when it paid in publicity, said: "Now we mustn't complain. If there is anyone who should complain it is Doris Sanderson. All mother left her was a necklace, a small painting, and, of all things, her diary!"

Older sister Susan's tinkle of laughter was like ice rattling against the side of a glass. "But a richly bound diary," she said. "Still, I was surprised. I fully expected mother to leave the bulk of her estate to Doris, feeling about us as she did. And Doris could certainly use the money."

Cynthia turned to say: "She's always been well paid!"

Grace shook her head. "Not really. Her salary was rather small. And she'd been with mother almost ten years."

Susan gave her brother, Julian, an amused glance. "How old is she now? You must know. There was a time when she had quite a crush on you. I was certain you two would marry."

Julian was surprisingly serious. "I hoped so, too," he said. "But I guess she found out the truth about me and changed her mind. It would be easy enough for us to do something for her. I mean in a financial way. We could chip in and give her a decent cash gift."

"What a strange idea!" Cynthia gasped.

Grace smiled knowingly. "She'd never accept money from us, darling. I know her type so well. Poor but proud!"

"That's right," Julian said with a cold smile. "You're our specialist in charity."

Susan said, "Besides, there's no need to consider such a thing. She has no valid claim on us."

Julian's face was thoughtful. "I wonder. Have any of you read that diary mother left her?"

Cynthia frowned. "How could we? Mother always kept it with her, and as I recall it has a lock and key."

"You're right," Julian agreed. "But one day she happened to leave it open by her bedside. I was able to peek into it."

Grace gasped. "How horrible of you!"

"Not really," he said. "I was curious and what I saw gave me quite a start." He turned to Susan. "Mother put down almost every detail of our lives in that diary. Of course, she concentrated on the spicy ones. Such as that time you went to Venice for three weeks with George Selby before you married Stan."

"What are you saying!" Susan sat up straight, her face pale, a hand to her lips.

Julian nodded. "It's in there. So is the story of my own misadventures in Hollywood. No wonder mother lost interest in me." He glanced at Cynthia. "You're in the little black book, too," he told her.

"What could mother possibly write about me?"

"Something that happened in your lean days," he said. "Has to do with forged cheques."

Cynthia gasped. "What utter nonsense!" But her guilt showed plainly.

Grace hunched uncomfortably in her chair. "I suppose it's my turn now. What could mother put down against my name?"

"Very interesting," Julian assured her. "She has all the details of a certain indiscreet series of meetings you had last year with a gentleman whose name is as prominent in social charity circles as your own."

Grace looked at him, astounded. Then very quietly she said: "You fool! Don't you realise we can't let that diary remain in Doris Sanderson's hands!"

Julian bowed mockingly. "I suggest for sentimental reasons we offer her $10,000 for the diary. I'm willing to pay my share."

Cynthia regarded him suspiciously. "Suppose we all chip in. Who is to be trusted with that book?"

"None of us," he said. "If Doris will sell it to us, I'll burn it in the fireplace here before we leave. Now, if you'll just write your cheques."

When the cheques were finished, Doris was summoned. She gave her attention to Susan, who had elected to be the one to handle the details.

Susan made a crisp speech about their desire to have their mother's diary for purely sentimental reasons and their decision that Doris should be paid for it. She gave her the cheques and said: "We will take no argument. Now, if you'll kindly let us have the diary."

Doris Sanderson hesitated, perplexed. "I have no idea of its real value," she said.

"You'd be wise to gratify our whim," Cynthia snapped.

The diary was produced and as soon as Doris left them alone Julian started a fire in the big fireplace and they all glumly watched the locked diary as it burned to ashes in the flames.

"Like burning up money," Cynthia said as she left. Susan and Grace said nothing beyond cool goodbyes. Julian remained after they had gone in the hope of seeing Doris again, and soon she came down the stairs.

"I'm glad we've met again," she said. "I don't understand what happened now. I have never thought your family sentimental nor generous. They were today."

He gave a small laugh. "The diary meant a good deal to them." He paused. "Just as you do to me. Still, I wonder if it's too late for second starts."

Doris studied him. "Not for us if that's what you mean. I happened to be on the stairs and heard what you told them. It was a great kindness on your part. For I know you did look at the diary as you said and realised it contained nothing but some listings of your mother's social engagements and a few out-of-date addresses."

(Copyright)

thing for you in a minute. What do you want to forget? Forget what?"

"The people, the children screaming . . ."

"Yes," he said softly. "To me."

"The theatre. It was hideous. No one could imagine —"

"You remember the theatre?"

"I wish I didn't. I wish I could forget. I wish I were dead. Dudley!" Her voice rose. "Where is he? Why won't you tell me?"

Desperately he said, "I will if I could. Try to hold on. You'll be all right in a minute."

"You're hiding something. I've got to know. He was with me. How could you get him out and not *him*? I don't want to live if—"

"He's probably fine," he babbled. "Naturally we don't know the names of all the survivors yet. But I'm sure he's fine."

"What's going on?" It was Kirk, standing in the doorway trying to see the thrashing figure on the bed.

"Kirk," the doctor said, "run. Tell Gillian to hurry."

Hesitating a moment, Kirk bit his lip. Finally he turned and ran.

"Take it easy, Jane." Beneath his hands, the doctor could feel the pressure building up within her.

"I can't waste any more time. I've got so much to do. Dudley, the hospitals, and then the FBI. They have to know—"

He couldn't keep her down. She sat up and dangled her legs over the side. Then she stood up carefully, holding on to the table. Her face contorted with pain, she managed to walk across the room. "I have to get dressed," she said feverishly. "How my back hurts! I must have strained it when the balcony— Is there a telephone?" She was at the closet now, and she opened the door. Frowning with frustration, she said, "These aren't my clothes. Where are my clothes?"

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A WORLD OF STRANGERS

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Uneasy, not knowing how to answer, he said tentatively, "They burned in the fire."

"But didn't my mother bring me any?" Muttering, she looked down at the dressing-gown she was wearing, and then her eyes lit on the mirror over the chest of drawers. Nearsightedly she leaned forward and squinted. The mirror was streaked and marred, and she had difficulty seeing herself.

And then she screamed.

"But it's not me," she sobbed. "It's not me. What's happening?"

He had to push her down on the bed and hold her there to keep her from tearing at her face. She sobbed and struggled, trying to get free. "I must be out of my mind. Is this an insane asylum? Where's Dudley?"

"Lie still," the doctor panted. "If you don't stop this, I'm going to have to knock you out. You, out there—is Gillian coming?"

"I don't see anybody," the policeman said.

"My face—how did it—Please tell me what's happening!"

"Take it easy, I said. Calm down. I can't talk to you if you don't calm down, Jane."

"Stop calling me Jane." It was a scream, and then, as though ashamed of her outburst, she said more quietly, "I'm Rona. Rona Harris."

"Who . . . wh—what did you say?"

"What's the matter with you? What kind of a place is this? Where am I? Where's Dudley?"

"R-Rona Harris?"

"Didn't they get anything straight? I must have had my purse — identification. How long have I been here?"

"Look," he said desperately, "try to be calm. I'll save time. You want to remind — uh — Dudley, don't you? Then tell me everything. No, wait — I've got to make some calls. You, out there, watch her a minute." He ran out and the policeman came into the room. The sight of her seemed to embarrass him, and he stared at the ceiling. Moving restlessly on the bed, she tried not to moan.

The doctor came back, breathing heavily. "They'll be here soon. But maybe we can save time. Tell me what you remember."

"I don't understand. You're not interested in the plot, just in who I am."

"What plot?" he asked.

"That's what I had on my mind. I couldn't concentrate on the play — I couldn't get matinee seats, so I got tickets for the evening performance. I didn't want him to miss the show. He'd been looking forward to it, and if I told them that afternoon, they would have kept me for hours — days, maybe — asking me questions. Oh, if only we hadn't gone, if only—"

"Stop it. That's useless. Go on."

"It was for children — no, for adults, too."

SHE stopped, clutching at a tenuous memory, but it slid away. "They laughed so much — I missed half the lines because the children laughed so much . . . Maybe my mother knows where Dud—"

"Go on."

"I smelled it. I could smell the smoke. If only I had grabbed him then—"

"Who is Dudley?"

"My little boy. He . . . he's four."

"Where . . . who is your husband?"

"I don't have a husband. I'm divorced. My mother kept warning me — she told me not to marry him. Call my husband. Ex-husband. Maybe he has Dudley. Maybe he claimed him."

"What's his name?"

"George Harris."

"The police will find him. Why couldn't you concentrate on the play? Whom were you going to tell what?"

"I heard them. The night before. My mother warned me. He got this mail all the time — pamphlets, odd organisations, hate groups. How they could hate! I couldn't stand — but it was more than that. He wouldn't support us after the divorce. I needed money. For Dudley. I went to ask George for money — I heard voices inside—George's friends. If anyone else had heard them, they would have laughed. It sounded like a joke. No one would believe —"

He leaned forward, his shoulders hunched and his hands clasped between his knees. "Yes?"

"They were plotting to kill someone. I was afraid."

"Whom were they going to kill? Who was in the room? Tell me what you heard."

"You mentioned a name before. Ellis Hamden —"

"Yes," he said excitedly. "Go on."

"She was there. And this businessman. A friend of George's — he was chairman of the board of a big company — and I recognised another voice. I'd met him at somebody's house — a senator. A United States senator."

"A United States senator!" He swivelled to glance at the policeman, and as his attention left her, she sat up and cried, "I want to see Dudley. Where is he?"

At that moment they could hear a car motor, and the doctor got to his feet in relief. "Gillian! She's got —"

He stopped as three men in business suits came out of the car simultaneously, each from a different door. The policeman went out to see who they were and the doctor heard something about "Barr —FBI."

As the men entered the room the doctor said, "There's a case of mistaken identity here. She says her name is Rona Harris. She's been telling me about a conversation she overheard among a United States senator, an executive in a large company, a woman —"

"Wait, Doctor. I think we'd better get it from her."

"There's been some blunder. It's like a nightmare. She said her husband is —"

"George Harris." It was the same man. He got a chair and pulled it over to the bed. His face was pleasant and middle-aged, and his voice soothing. "Mrs. Harris, I'm Martin Barr, FBI."

"Oh." She shut her eyes. "I should have gone to you that same night."

"Yes, you should have."

"I wanted Dudley to see the show. Please, have you sent out an alarm, do you have any news —"

"We're doing everything we can. Tell me about the conversation you overheard the night before the fire."

"How can I be sure you're from the FBI?"

He took out his wallet and held it up for her inspection.

She stared at it dully. "Anyone can have cards made up," she said.

"Listen, Mrs. Harris, if I weren't from the FBI how would I know about the letter you wrote us? You sent it the same day you went to the theatre, and you told us about a conversation you'd overheard. You see, Mrs. Harris, we thought you'd died in the fire. We questioned your husband, but he denied any knowledge of that conversation."

She stared at him doubtfully. "What will happen now? If my husband or his friends know what I told you, they may try to kill me. They may try to harm Dudley."

"Please trust us, Mrs. Harris. Tell us what you heard."

"Why should I? You haven't even found Dudley yet. If he's—if he can't speak, you can identify him by the bracelet on his wrist. It has a Chinese coin on it. My father gave it to me when I was small, and I gave it to Dudley . . ."

"She was holding it when they found her," the doctor said. "I have it with some things of hers."

"Never mind that now. Tell us about the conversation you overheard, Mrs. Harris."

"They were ploting to kill someone. They mentioned a South American they were paying to do it. They were going to give the money to his family if he didn't come out of it alive. He needed the money desperately for—oh, I don't remember. I tiptoed away. I knew if they found me— I didn't know what to do—"

"Didn't know what to do!" It was one of the other men, a younger one. The man Barr glanced at him, and he subsided.

"Well, whom would they believe — me or a United States senator? It sounded so fantastic. They could deny everything, and then afterward . . . perhaps an accident would happen to Dudley, or—Are you sure they're looking for him?"

"We have men checking, Mrs. Harris. Remember, we've just learned your identity. Go on."

"I didn't even know whom they were going to kill. Then the next day it was on television—the governor was shot — and they said a South American had done it. I knew. Even then I kept hesitating. I told you . . . I was afraid. And then finally I decided I had to tell. But I didn't want Dudley to miss the show. I know it sounds crazy. He'd had so little fun in his short —" She stopped, and took a deep breath. "So I wrote, so I wouldn't change my mind, and I knew you'd contact me the next day. And I went to the show, and Dudley—"

"There's been a mix-up, Mrs. Harris," the man called Barr interrupted gently. "You were badly burned. Another woman, Jane Wallcutt, was identified as you. We thought you were dead. You were found with her fiance—he was evidently trying to help you —and he must have had her purse, because it was tangled on both your wrists. Your clothing was destroyed. You both — well, you were both dark-haired, about the same size . . ."

"My face — I think I'm going to fa—"

"Take it easy. We have to have the names of your relatives. Of course, we could get them elsewhere, but it will save time. Your family thinks you're dead."

"My mother — yes, call her. Maybe she has Dudley. Mrs. Crowell Phillips, please call . . ." Before she was through, one of the men had left.

"So that's why they wanted to kill her," the doctor was saying dazedly. "The FBI contacted them, so they knew she'd overheard. And then they read about the Chinese coin in the paper and began to suspect that there was a mix-up in identity."

There was the sound of a car motor again, and then of a door's slamming and of footsteps. A man knocked, and the policeman opened the door. The girl on the bed looked up, rubbing her forehead, and then the gesture became frozen and she seemed perplexed. She blinked in an effort to clear her vision. The newcomer went to the bed, and both the policeman and the FBI man closed in on him. But all he did was stop and look down at her. "The doctor called. Do you know me?"

"I'm so confused. I can't —"

"All right. Don't worry about it. I just came to see if there was anything I could do."

"Did we — I seem to—"

"May I talk to her alone?" he asked, turning to Barr, recognising him as the man in authority.

"*No one* is talking to Mrs. Harris alone. Who are you?"

"I'm Austin Berquist. It's hard to explain—"

"He was Jane Wallcutt's fiance," the doctor said, but just then Kirk appeared in the doorway. "Doctor, Gillian said you wanted this."

"Where the devil has she been?"

"She had to find your office nurse. She couldn't fill the hypodermic herself."

The girl on the bed was struggling up, trying to see past all the people around the bed. Blinking like someone who has been in solitary confinement for years, she pushed the doctor away.

"Lie still," he snapped. "I'm going to—"

But she brushed him away, sitting up just as Kirk disappeared. "George!" she screamed. "It's George!"

The doctor, the FBI men, and Austin did nothing for a moment, and then as her hysteria mounted and she tried to get off the bed, the doctor took her arm firmly in his hand, holding the hypodermic needle in the other; the FBI men leaped for the door; and Austin smashed the syringe out of the doctor's hand.

. . . . . .

The days flowed into one another like connected streams, their waters mingling and becoming interchangeable. Visitors came in streams as her two lives merged, joining Jane Wallcutt and Rona Harris in a never-to-be-severed bond.

She knew she ought to start thinking about her future. She was no longer worth thirteen million dollars, but her reason for living had died with a small, large-eyed boy whom she once had taken to a theatre.

"You've got to eat, Rona. Starvation is a slow way to die. Besides, we've gone to too much trouble to keep you alive." There it was, the wary, rationed kind of smile.

He would sit with her for hours at a time, occasionally reading, sometimes talking, and at intervals explaining again. How he had grabbed for the woman and the little boy on his left, how the little boy had been torn away, how he and the woman had gone down together, and how the case of mistaken identity had occurred. It hadn't been hard to confuse her with Jane Wallcutt, considering the similar backgrounds and speech patterns, the common brown hair and eyes, the more-or-less-similar figures.

"But I began to feel the difference almost from the beginning."

"How?" she would ask, not because she cared but because his was the one presence that soothed her.

"Well, on the superficial level, there were certainly enough indications. For one thing, you didn't smoke, and Jane smoked incessantly."

"For another, you preferred rum punch to Martinis."

"On what ephemeral things our identities depend!"

"Oh, they were just guideposts. Like the fact that you were nearsighted. But there were more important indications."

"Why didn't you go to the police?"

"It's hard to say. Maybe I didn't want them to arrest you. Besides, they would laugh at evidence like smoking and preference in drinks. And they would discount the important evidence."

"What was the important evidence?"

"The fact that my hormones reacted differently to you from the way they did to Jane."

She would mull over that, trying to assess what he had

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THE BOYFRIEND

"Uh, oh . . . I think Dad's giving me a subtle hint to go home!"

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meant. Then, leaving it to another time, she would ask, "How did you know George had tampered with the hypodermic needle?"

"I didn't. It all happened so fast. But when you shouted, 'George!' I realised something was wrong. Since he was the one who had brought in the syringe, I decided to be on the safe side. It was instinctive. What I don't understand is why your Doctor Stires never realised that he wasn't really sick."

"Dr. Stires never examined him. He inherited this place, and it's not a real hospital. He took me in because his family had known Howard Chalmers. And when George read about the Chinese coin in my hand and realised—or suspected—what might have happened, he and Ellis Hamden pre-

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tended to be a relative and brought him here. The fact that he promised to do the gardening was a strong incentive to the doctor, since he had a hard time keeping help this far out in the country."

Occasionally they discussed the progress of the trial. In Austin's opinion there would be years of appeals, and in the end the public would lose interest and perhaps only a few of the lesser fish would be indicted. There was no evidence linking the assassination of the governor with Zee's murder; the note Rona had taken from Bonnie had disappeared; and although George Harris would probably go to jail for his attempt on Rona's life, if he didn't talk the others would be immune.

And, then, back to the personal:

"I felt there was something different about you the first day you were able to speak coherently. It did occur to me that the accident might have changed you. But, as I said, it was your whole chemistry. You were quieter . . . your eyes — well, the fire could have accounted for the haunted look, but still—of course, I never saw you stand, so I didn't realise that you were slightly shorter. But as I said, it was nothing physical that bothered me. Unless you could call that first kiss — At first I thought you were a fortune hunter, but then—I'm not sure at which point I began to believe you. Even when I hired Gladys I wasn't sure whether it was to spy on you or to protect you."

WITHOUT thinking she said, "Poor you. You could have had Jane Wallcutt and thirteen million dollars. Instead—" She broke off. In confusion she changed the subject. "How did your mother know Ellis Hamden?"

"They were in the same . . . social circles. They attended the same church, club — you know. The Smith woman must have called the Hamden woman and told her you'd been invited to my mother's house, and that was when they planned the 'accident.'"

"Did you ever — it's all so hazy I wonder if I'll ever remember that interval at all — did you ever see my handwriting?"

"No. You never made out a cheque — Miss Smith saw to that. And she also saw to it that the note you sent me wasn't mailed."

Sometimes she would examine herself for long moments at a time in the mirror. "Whatever am I going to do with another woman's face?"

"Well, you know, it's beginning to change. I mean, you have characteristic expressions that Jane never had. In any case, you're stuck with it. I'm not having you go through anything like that again. Besides, I can't afford it."

She would let the words wash over her. *He* couldn't afford it. His hormones reacted differently to her from the way they had to Jane. He was the one who had hired Gladys. It surely added up to something but she was too tired to think.

Sometimes she would go to sleep while he was still there, and her breathing would be so shallow it scarcely moved the covers. He would get up to touch her wrist to make sure she was still alive, and then, moving softly, he would sit down and watch her. The sun would disappear behind the rim of the world, turning the sky to orange-red and then to purple-blue, the night noises would begin to seep into the darkening room, and the long, healing process would continue.

THE END

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Father knows best . . when it comes to his favourite pen. Parker knows best when it comes to making the world's finest pens. There you have it: the gift that remembers dad so beautifully—a Parker. Pick the Parker that is best suited to him (from 78 ballpoints and pens in the Parker range) and best suited to your pocket (from a modest $2.50).

p.s. When you give Parker, don't forget the kiss.

PARKER

maker of the world's most wanted pens.

The PARKER 45 Standard Pen, silver cap $8.00

The PARKER International Jotter, stainless steel barrel $5.75

The PARKER 51 Custom Gold Cap Pen $17.75

The PARKER T-ball Special Jotter, 6 barrel colours $2.50

The PARKER 75 Pen in deep-etched solid sterling silver $39.95

The PARKER 45 Insignia Jotter, all gold $8.95

RIVETS

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BUTTERICK PATTERNS

4023.—Lined-to-edge dress in street or above-knee length, has straight hem or curved hem with self ruffle. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 60 cents includes postage.

3960.—Men's or boys' above-knee length shorts with drawstring waist. Men's sizes: Small (28-30in.), medium (32-34-36in.), large (38-40in) waist. Boys: 22-23in. (small) 24-25in. (med.), 26-27in (large) waist. Price 60 cents includes postage.

3833. — Empire dress with simulated front wrap and button trim, sleeveless or with short puffed sleeves, also in street length. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 70 cents includes postage.

4130. — Flared tent dress with caftan sleeves. Short sleeves also included. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 65 cents includes postage.

2907.—Raglan-sleeved dress with self cord belt. Cowl collar and above-elbow-length sleeves also included. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 57 cents includes postage.

3867. — Ankle-length bell-bottomed hipster pants, shaped self belt. Tab front blouse with roll-up sleeves or sleeveless. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 65 cents includes postage.

BUTTERICK PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT LEADING STORES.

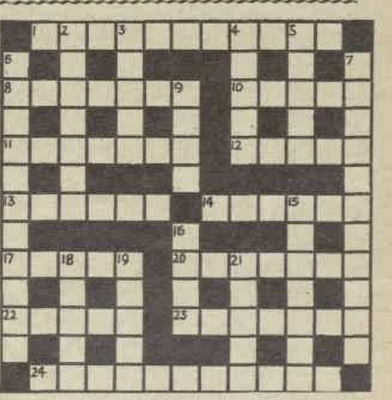
Send your order and postal note to: PATTERN SERVICE, P.O. BOX 4, CROYDON, N.S.W.
(N.Z. readers: P.O. BOX 11-084, Ellerslie, S.E.6.) BE SURE TO STATE SIZE.

NAME / ADDRESS	DESIGN	SIZE	PRICE

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

LOTHAR'S mighty strength has saved many people, though he modestly never mentions it. Now some admirers call on him at Xanadu, Mandrake's home. NOW READ ON . . .

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



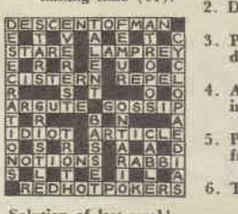
ACROSS

1. Only a mass of fog with a bird, yet this kind of town is an ideal realm (5, 6).
8. An esquire (7).
10. The female of these two-winged insects has a blood-sucking proboscis (5).
11. Relatives (7).
12. A small kind of civet cat with the heart of a donkey (5).
13. Overcoat from Ireland (6).
14. Smite, but not work (6).
17. White mark on a beast's face (5).
20. Island in the Leeward group (7).
22. Indian monetary unit, mostly pure (5).
23. It was fought under the banner of the Cross (7).
24. Linear measures containing time (11).

DOWN

2. Dirges for last men (7).
3. Presser, but not pants, driver, but not cars (5).
4. A roll best liked when burning (5).
5. Precious stones have no friends (5).
6. They are out-of-date (4, 7).
7. A verse's date (anagr., 11).
9. You can do it on many things, but not on your feet (4).
15. He is not thankful (7).
16. Very soft, white mineral used as lubricator (4).
18. Large enough (5).
19. Anything that may happen has a smooth start (5).
21. Confidence keeping us inside (5).

Solution will be published next week.



Solution of last week's crossword.

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WHICH PICTURE FITS YOU?

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Are you a fun girl? Or do you drag through the day tired . . . never sick enough to stay in bed, yet never feeling inclined to join in the family fun.

If you have that continually tired feeling . . . if you find yourself being unusually nervy and irritable — perhaps your body is warning **you** that your blood, tissue, nerves and muscles need an extra supply of essential, health-giving vitamins and minerals!

The difference between feeling unable to cope . . . and coping . . . is often only a daily PLURAVIT capsule!

PLURAVIT is a balanced multivitamin preparation, in a soft gelatin capsule. Just one capsule a day provides your body's daily requirements of 21 essential vitamins and minerals.

PLURAVIT helps relieve lassitude, loss of appetite, as well as depression due to mental and physical stress if due to vitamin deficiencies. PLURAVIT is often helpful to adults over 35; people on special diets; or for expectant and nursing mothers. Your family chemist recommends PLURAVIT Multivitamin Capsules.

NOW A PLURAVIT JUNIOR . . . FOR CHILDREN

Formulated for children 6-15 years of age. PLURAVIT JUNIOR contains the same 10 essential vitamins and 11 necessary minerals as Pluravit, in a smaller, easier-to-take capsule. Pluravit Junior is especially helpful to children suffering a vitamin deficiency during periods of rapid growth; when studying hard; when engaged in competitive sport; or when convalescing from illness.

AND A PLURAVIT EFFERVESCENT!

Here's the new "*fun way*" for all the family to take their multi-vitamins — Pluravit **Effervescent**. Make a "*toast*" to your "*good health*" each morning with this delicious, orange-flavoured vitamin mix containing 8 essential daily vitamins. Takes **just one** heaped teaspoonful in a glass of water, **once-a-day!**

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3 months' supply **$5.25**

PLURAVIT JUNIOR: 1 month's supply **$1.56**

PLURAVIT EFFERVESCENT: 5 oz. jar **$1.47**

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